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and self-interest have shaped opinions and attitudes towards the American Indian. Illusion and reality have compounded the widest possible variety of views, from those depicting the Indian as the Noble Savage to those urging that North America be rid of its native vermin. Missionaries, traders, soldiers, and frontiersmen adopted more strikingly different opinions of the significance and standing of Indians than did, at a greater distance, literary and liberal observers. From afar, cults have been formed to celebrate an exotic nobility, render homage to military prowess in campaigns whose outcome was all too predictable, and at the present day, to honour societies which neither polluted nor ravaged their environment. If the Indian had not existed, Americans would have had to have invented him in order to define the indigenous limits of their new society: as it was, the United States extended from where Europe stopped to where the Indian began, and its quality and achievement could be gauged in relation to him.

feudal restraints and to aboriginal anarchy. In this sense, primitive and dispersed though the Indians were, their presence provided an essential yardstick of comparison and the means by which the achievements and failures of White American civilization could be assessed. The reputations of Nature and the Indian rise and fall sympathetically, so that an age of flight from urban decay and high-rise living (even though the steel of the structure may well have been erected by Mohawks) to the rural simplicity of communal life and "fresh" foodstuffs is prepared to appreciate the availability of a paperback edition of the American Indian Cookbook.

The advance of American civilization into Indian territory unites symbolic qualities, frontier experience and dramatic adventure. The line of descent from Ned Buntline to John Wayne is clear and complete; the greater subtleties to be found in literature at the level of *Law of the Mohicans* and *Little Big Man* may depend parasitically upon the same basic themes, manipulated against the conventional form. The liberal guilt of the undoubted conqueror seems reflected in the choice of events given emphasis: Custer's last stand, whatever it may prove, hardly reflects credit on the United States army, but has been recounted time and again in tones not used to describe the disasters at Campono and Isandhlwana. Some savages, it appears, are nobler than others. And, despite the growth of psychological complexity in the delineation of conflicts between Whites and Indians, it would seem improbable that the essential element of dramatic development will be abandoned so long as a canyon, a skyline and an Indian capable of a death-defying leap upon an unsuspecting horseman remain available. Social outsiders the Indians may have remained but their role in the concept of the West is secure.

Frontier experience overwhelmingly discounted Indian virtues: fear and contempt were, at best, glossed over. The "savage" was to conform to the conventions of the White society. Throughout the nineteenth century and much of the twentieth the trading frontier encouraged the worst elements of both civilizations to display themselves in the least favourable light. Documents describing their contacts and relations make for grim and monotonous reading. *The Colonial Records of South Carolina* have reduced to scholarly proportions a series of episodes centred upon trade disputes, war parties, scalp deliveries and fatal brawls between settlers and Indians. Circumstances admitted of no lasting agreements: as one officer inter-

rupted his chronicle of events to remark: "The Savages are an odd Kind of People; as there is no Law nor Subjection amongst them, they can't be compelled to do any Thing nor obliges them to embrace any Party except they please. The very lowest of them thinks himself as great and as high as any of the Rest, every one of them must be courted for their Friendship, with some Kind of a Feeling, and made much of. So what is called great and leading Men amongst them, are commonly old and middle-aged People, who know how to give a Talk in Favour of whom they have a Fancy for, and that same may influence the Minds of the young Fellows for a Time, but every one is his own Master."

What was observed in 1757 was to hold good for more than a century after: delegates of a system of political democracy resting on the principle of representation could not accept—though it would admittedly have conflicted with their own material interests to have done so—that Indian chiefs had no right to surrender lands which were not merely tribal property but, literally, the gift of God. If Indians broke treaties the cause was not simply that, judged by the tests of Western civilization, their terms constituted acts of fraud; it was rather that the surrender of land was unthinkable within an Indian cosmology.

Throughout the centuries of progressive dispossession a constant theme recurs in that custodianship and natural dependence form the Indian case for resistance. From Pontiac's declaration that "These lakes, these woods, and mountains were left us by our ancestors. They are our inheritance; and we will part with them to none. Your nation supposes that we, like the white people, cannot live without bread and pork and beer. But you ought to know that, He, the Great Spirit and Master of Life, has provided food for us in these spacious lakes, and on these woody mountains."

There are direct links, irrespective of time and tribe, to Crazy Horse's blunt assertion that "One does not sell the earth upon which the people walk," and the Supreme Court testimony in 1915 of a Yakima Indian Chief that

God created this Indian country and it was like He spread out a big blanket. He put the Indians on it. They were created here in this country, truly and honestly, and that was the time this river started to run. Then God created fish in this river and put deer in these mountains. . . . For the women God made moths and berries to gather, and the Indians grew and multiplied as a people. . . . My strength is from the fish; my blood is from the fish, from the roots and the berries. The fish and the game are the essence of my life. I was not brought from a foreign country and did not come here, I was put here by the creator. . . .



Chief Standing Bear of the Ponras.

If one views the Indians as practising ecology before the White man, having destroyed the buffalo, turned the Great Plains into a dust bowl, stripped the forests and polluted the rivers and lakes, found it necessary to devise the term and propose belated palliatives, then the shift from an attitude of contempt to one of respect becomes more understandable. Nature was conserved by the Indian and destroyed by the White.

It cannot be pretended, however, that dignified and moving statements such as appear in Virginia Armstrong's *I Have Spoken* represent more than an aspect of Indian reactions to White incursions. It was always possible to obtain Indian signatures to treaties; from the beginning to the end of the Indian wars their warriors fought on both sides. An alliance with the White man, credible enough when the Indian position lay in maintaining a balance between French and English or British and American, becomes a matter of mercenary gain when Apache scouts provide essential assistance in tracking down their

own nations in the desolate Southwest. Despite the firmness with which Indian spokesmen held to their basic beliefs, most Indians would make any sacrifice to secure alcohol, arms and ammunition. If they obtained too little of the last two items, they secured all too much of the first. British rum, French brandy, and American whiskey proved more effective than military might in destroying Indian resistance.

The survival of tribes as societies required isolation from trade and settlers, and this was provided by the establishment of reservations in remote and impoverished regions. The consequence was existence in name rather than in fact: tribes which had come to terms with their environment, however forbidding, were moved hundreds of miles to become abject dependents of an impotent and graft-ridden government agency. The outcome was decay rather than preservation and, in the immediate aftermath of the post-Civil War years, mass escapes and widespread death and destruction before the roving bands were destroyed, forced to surrender, or broken up. The trans-Mississippi West after 1865 provides the closing, and most spectacular, phase of Indian warfare, in which the opposing forces were so unquenchably matched that White defeats seemed not only testimony to the invaders' incompetence but proof of Indian military prowess. Perhaps the campaigns were distinguished rather by a more neutral quality: the savagery with which both sides conducted themselves.

Narratives such as *Pray My Heart At Wounded Knee* and anthologies such as *I Have Spoken* stress the cruelties and massacres involved in the repression of the Indian and the dignity with which White arguments were refuted. There is ample evidence to sustain these views. Against them, however, must be set the parallel course of Indian atrocities, which even if excused by Dee Brown as imitative of prior notes against them, still create a record of torture, death and destruction from whose details one is plied to be excused. The quantification of competing acts of extinction is rarely enlightening, and in the case of Indian wars such a quantification must be set against the imbalance of military resources and the implication that massacres conducted by Whites are proof of duplicity whereas Indian killings were at best reactions and at worst "natural". Such views have led to sharply differing estimates of Indian leaders. Odie B. Faulk concludes his study of *The Geronimo Campaign* by praising his subject's "dignity, his heroism against overwhelming odds, and his knowledge of that

bravery . . . these and more survive as a great American legend. On the other hand, his uncle in considerably less than a century so that prospectors could stand still further the search for gold. Only in the South West, where the country, the Mexican border, and the reputation of the Apache contributed to the delaying of the issue long in the making. Here, too, the problem was one arising not from comparable resources but from that of trapping mobile and elusive raiding parties. The army had been set a thankless and disagreeable task, for which it was neither prepared nor equipped. Indian wars had always threatened to blight, in a campaign of minor military significance, reputations won in wars of historic importance. The risk was made much greater by politicians' refusal to maintain a credible military force after the occasion of its necessity. Stationary officers commanded inexperienced men and lost prestige in attempts to overcome British and Indians in the Old North-West. Civil War generals, recently accustomed to deploy divisions in the most massive campaigns of the nineteenth century, found themselves saddled with responsibility for tracking down a few hundred Indians, with a scarcely larger force at their disposal, in a vast and inhospitable region of the country. The regular army in peacetime, longstreet make clear, was neither a comfortable nor an elevating institution: life in remote Western forts and garrisons provided only hardships relieved by drunkenness and immorality. An officer committed to honest dealings with the Indians found his policy sabotaged and his career imperilled by decisions made under political pressures in Washington, failure and deception on the part of the agents of the Indian Bureau, and graft and corruption as provided the raison d'être of the "Tucson Ring". If confidence could not maintain peace, war could not prospect of professional victory: to defeat the Indians White interests must be at an achievement of no apparent magnitude: to be tricked or humiliated by the enemy would destroy all chances of promotion, inevitably maintain and slow once the opportunity of the Civil War years had been missed. So in one trifling session of minor battlefields the pursuit of marauding bands, conditions ranging from intolerable heat to unbearable cold, through hundreds of miles of sparsely occupied territory, was not calculated to

improve relations between the military and the Indians. But for the aid of Indian scouts and trackers it would have proved an impossible task, at least until improvements in communications and weapons provided the army with conclusive superiority. Railroads, telegraphs, heliographs, Gatlings and light artillery finally closed the ring around adversaries whose mobility could then be countered and whose firepower was never more than primitive and limited. Even so, the quarter of a century after the close of the Civil War saw the army almost continually engaged in a series of unrewarding and arduous operations, which could not lead to military triumph and which too often resulted only in humiliating reverses.

As the nineteenth century drew to a close it became evident that the Indian would be compelled to die in unavailing protest against the destruction of his way of life or make such terms and extract such advantages as he could from the conquerors. As early as 1877 the flight of the Nez Percés, in their attempt to take refuge in Canada, caused consternation to the first tourists in Yellowstone National Park. In 1885, less than a decade after his triumph at Little Bighorn, Sitting Bull accepted Buffalo Bill Cody's invitation to tour the United States in his Wild West Show. "The Killer of Custer" sold signed photographs after performances. Geronimo, detained in Florida and Alabama after 1886, and moved to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in 1894, was allowed on special occasions to leave his place of exile. He visited the St. Louis fair in 1903, selling photographs of himself, kneeling with his rifle, face contorted with hatred, which tourists could purchase for 25 cents. A photograph of slightly later date, taken about 1906, displays another facet of his personality: he appears in shirt-sleeves and top hat at the wheel of a Pierce Arrow. Between times he had taken part together with other Indian chiefs in the inaugural parade of Theodore Roosevelt, a president well aware, by

experience and personality, of the mythical potentialities of Western history. The Indian had completed the transformation from threat to emblem, from military to circus side-show.

The capitulation did not, however, solve the Indian problem, or rather the White man's problem of reconciling conscience and convenience. Clearly, in terms of numbers and of locations, the Indians, except for such an occasional unpredictable oversight as had left an Oklahoma group in possession of oil-rich land, had been relegated to the forgettable fringe of American life, a condition which the Bureau of Indian Affairs was content to accept, at least until John Collier became Commissioner during the New Deal years. Since that date there has been more interest, many proposals, and few fundamental changes, though the situation has been challenged by Indian activists such as Vine Deloria, Jr., whose *Custer Died For Your Sins* blends humour with indignation in a fashion which may appeal to those unmoved by the solemnity of their radical manifestos. But the strongest impulse behind the proliferation of works on the American Indian would appear to be the application of liberal consciences to dramatic episodes.

Stephen Longstreet's *War Cries On Horseback* and Mr Brown's *Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee* cover very similar ground and dwell on many of the same incidents: although Mr Brown offers superior documentation the major distinction between the two accounts seems to be that of his subtitle—"An Indian History of the American West". Whether this can be taken literally seems highly doubtful. It is rather a narrative highly sympathetic to the Indian, garnished with stylistic tricks such as indicating months by their Indian names. This avoids the basic problem of whether it is possible to write an Indian history within an American context, and permits reliance on an essentially familiar approach of relating the tale of broken treaties, harsh repression

and total misunderstanding, self-betrayal. The ground rules for the writing of Indian history are so firmly established that one sympathizes with Mr Longstreet when, in a moment of irritation, he refers to its "banal quality". There was, perhaps, a banality of evil before Hannah Arendt applied the term to Eichmann's activities, and when one reads, in Mr Faulk's account, of the conditions on the train which carried eastward the captured Apaches, it is impossible to fend off a sense of premonitory apprehension. Yet what is to be made of a record of centuries of alternately incited brutality?

The Indian neither knew nor sought, except in terms so alien as to be unintelligible, justice from the White man. The clash of a subsistence with an exploitive society was bound to be determined in favour of the dynamic force. Numbers and strength set aside, the Indian was bound to subjugation, if only because his practice of subsistence was fatally breached by a desire to trade. The needs of the Indian were always greater than his capacity to meet the White man's requirements: a permanent balance of payments deficit could be redressed only by the surrender of land. Once begun, this process would be pursued to its logical conclusion of White salvation and Indian degradation. There is ample justification for the unease which afflicts liberal consciences.

At this late date it would seem impossible to undo the accomplished fact. One can hardly believe that, with the best law and lawyers in the world, the Jroquois will regain possession of upstate New York. If Indians exercise their right to leave the restrictions and marginal support of the reservation, assimilation would seem the likely consequence. Even if this was accepted as a desirable end to centuries of struggle for a separate existence, it would not, at a time when description as a minority has lost its pejorative sense and acquired respectability, appear appropriate as a solution to America's first-racial problem. On the

other hand, to advocate a return to the land would appear as inadequate a proposal as that of resolving Black grievances by encouraging Back-to-Africa enterprises. Although, in practical terms, much could be achieved by attacking the problems of inadequate aid and insensitive bureaucracy, the outcome would obscure, not eliminate, a fundamental dilemma.

The extent and forms in which Americans' perception of themselves has been affected by the Indian presence require for their description the literary acuity of a Leslie Fiedler and the historical omniscience of a Perry Miller. Yet it is clear that without the Indian the frontier concept would have lost the greater part of its impact: the conflict between civilization and barbarism could not have acquired a dramatic quality if presented simply as the conquest by man of his physical environment—this may account for the rapid decline of interest in American moon landings, which would benefit enormously as a public spectacle from the discovery of a band of Apache on a commanding height. Whatever the real or imaginary consequences of the frontier process may have been, the Indian stands in cultural and physical contrast to the expansion of American civilization, of which, however, he represents the first example. The White man must, therefore, set guilt at supersession against pride of achievement: as doubts multiply about the quality of his success, so anxiety grows to make amends for past judgments and impositions of inferiority.

If one believes that the United States has moved as far in the direction of emphasis upon material development as is compatible with the maintenance of the fabric of society, then the Indian becomes not merely a pricking of the conscience but an exemplar of the good life. Attitudes of this kind may not be born out by statistics or acceptable to the majority, but the role of the Indian in North America is, in fact, bound subject to verifiable falsification: to live in a fashion which, in the eyes of their successors, has remained perpetually unreal. Whether an improved historical reputation will lead to improved material conditions remains to be seen. If it does not, the Indians will have no cause for gratitude towards their White admirers, whose support will again amount to no more than misplaced sympathy.

Recent books on Indian history include:

- DEE BROWN: *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*. An Indian History of the American West. 487pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £3.50.
- VIRGINIA IRVING ARMSTRONG (Compiled): *I Have Spoken*. American History through the voices of the Indians. Introduction by Frederick W. Turner III. 206pp. Chicago: Swallow Press. \$6.00 (Paperback, £2.95).
- ODIE B. FAULK: *The Geronimo Campaign*. 245pp. Oxford University Press. £2.60.
- CIVIL "NICK" COHEN and A. KINNEY: *Custer: The First Hundred Years of Nino Custer*. The Untold Story of an Apache Indian Chief. 346pp. Abelard-Schuman. £2.50.
- VINE DELORIA, JR.: *Custer Died For Your Sins*. 256pp. Collier-Macmillan. £2.75.
- STEPHEN LONGSTREET: *War Cries on Horseback*. The Story of the Indian Wars of the Great Plains. 335pp. W. H. Allen. £2.50.

- WILLIAM L. McDOWELL, JR. (Editor): *Documents relating to Indian Affairs 1754-1763*. 637pp. University of South Carolina Press for the South Carolina Department of Archives and History. \$20.
- HARRISON BIRD: *War For The West 1790-1813*. 278pp. Oxford University Press. £3.45.
- W. McKIL EVANS: *To Die Game*. The Story of the Lowry Band, Indian Guerrillas of Reconstruction. 282pp. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. \$8.95.

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THAMES AND HUDSON

UNTIL ABOUT 1964 Turkey was America's model ally. Far from being persuaded to join Nato, she had virtually fought her way into it. In 1950 she had given firm support to the United States on the Korean issue and had even dispatched a brigade to Korea, where they covered themselves with glory. Turkey, though a Muslim state, was among the first to follow the United States in giving full recognition to Israel and indeed did so before the United Kingdom. In nearly all international issues, through thick and thin, Turkey remained a loyal and enthusiastic supporter of the West, even to the extent of entering against her own better judgment into the ill-starred Baghdad Pact—an enterprise which, as Turkish critics pointed out at the time, added to her obligations though not to her security, already covered by Nato.

There were several reasons for Turkish loyalty. One was the not unjustified feeling that the war years had left Turkey with a somewhat tarnished reputation as an ally—a fact which was made clear by her isolation when the Russians pressed their demands in 1945. The danger in which she found herself and the narrow margin by which she escaped it left Turkey with an acute sense of exposure and a feeling that the fate of Eastern Europe would befall her without the protection of the West. This was accorded by the Truman Doctrine and subsequent arrangements deriving from it.

It became a truism that Turkey was the model ally whose loyalty never wavered—that whatever the changes of government or even of regime, whatever the shifts of internal policies, Turkish foreign policy continued to follow the line inexorably determined by her geographical and historical position as immediate neighbour and ancient victim of the Soviet Union.

Yet by the middle 1960s and still more by the late 1960s there were many indications that this certainty

Turkey as an ally

was beginning to wear thin. Ferenc A. Váli, in *Bridge across the Bosphorus*, an excellent analysis of the past foundations and present principles of Turkish foreign policy, maintains that Turkish foreign policy has not changed and will not change despite indications to the contrary. One reason is geopolitical—the inescapable facts of her situation; another is ideological—the long-standing aim of the Turkish elite to become a part of Western civilization.

The recent political upheavals in the country have their importance and Dr Váli describes the rise and growth of nationalist and even anti-Western feeling among important sections of the Turkish population, notably among the increasingly disaffected intellectuals. Nevertheless, he believes that despite the noise they make and the attention they attract—both greatly exaggerated by American interest and even encouragement—the dissidents have little real influence and are unlikely to attain it. Dr Váli gives an interesting analysis of anti-American feeling in Turkey, which he sees as deriving from two main sources: first, American clumsiness, as manifested in the handling of the Cyprus question, whose significance for the Turks was understood by few Americans; secondly, Turkish sensitivity, arising from the humiliation of a proud nation at finding not only its economic development but its strategic survival dependent on a foreign ally.

This is undoubtedly true—and one could pursue the argument a little further. The number of Americans stationed in Turkey at present is certainly smaller than the number of Russians in Egypt, and they are also more widely distributed; nevertheless, they are far more visible and audible. The same is true of their local opponents. Criticism of the Russians in Egypt, while it certainly exists, is muffled and furtive. Criticism of the Americans in Turkey, on the other hand, is immediately picked up, magnified and broadcast through the sounding-box of American democracy and beamed back to Turkey, where it reverberates again. This situation is at once a weakness and a strength of the American democracy and of the Turkish democracy which, amid many difficulties, is growing up under the auspices of Turkey's western alignment. The relationship between two dictatorships, where one stations troops on the territory of the other, presents fewer problems of this nature to either of them, though other problems may well arise.

FERENC A. VÁLI
Bridge across the Bosphorus
The Foreign Policy of Turkey.
400pp. Johns Hopkins Press (IBEG). £5.95.

There is, however, another Turkish misgiving concerning the alliance, quite different from those of the leftist opposition, and deserving perhaps more attention than Dr Váli gives it. It was well expressed recently by a retired Turkish general, who remarked: "The trouble with having the Americans as friends is that you can never be sure they won't turn round and stab themselves in the back." Fear of the United States as an unreliable and unpredictable ally, subject to sudden gusts of self-hatred and—since the Americans are always practical even in their impracticality—self-destruction, has led many of even the most pro-western Turks to hedge their bets by seeking some measure of accommodation with a mighty neighbour who is much nearer and who, even if regarded as irrevocably hostile, can be relied on to act out of self-interest and therefore allow some scope for intelligent prediction.

After a brief historical introduction, Dr Váli deals with the influences on Turkish foreign policy of the political parties and trends in political opinion, basing his account on newspapers, interviews and polls. These show, unsurprisingly, a marked preference for West Germany among all other foreign countries, and a generally far stronger tendency towards the West than towards the Soviet East. This is followed by a number of chapters dealing with specific problems and areas—the United States and Nato, the Straits and the Balkans, Greece and Cyprus, and the Middle East, including the Baghdad Pact, the Kurdish question and the Turkish position in the Arab-Israeli conflict. Finally, Dr Váli discusses development as a goal of foreign policy and, in the last chapter, attempts a general analysis of "the ambitions and realities of Turkish foreign policy".

Such studies cannot, in the nature of things, be based on authentic documentation and must be conjectural and tentative to some extent. Within these limits, Dr Váli has done an excellent piece of work. There are an increasing number of histories of countries and biographies of their leaders that are written without a knowledge of the language—rather as if a Turk or an Arab were to write a biography of Churchill or de Gaulle, knowing no English or French and using only material

available in Turkish or Arabic translation or adaptation. Gossip-column journalism, pamphleteering, or romantic semi-fiction are the usual results. Dr Váli has taken the trouble to learn Turkish and has been able to base his book on an extensive use of Turkish material, both written and oral. This gives *Bridge across the Bosphorus* a special value and quality.

Here and there, however, Dr Váli's judgments may give rise to question. In discussing the transformation of Turkish policy which culminated in the alliance of 1939, he gives less than due weight to the Spanish Civil War and the shock it gave the rulers of Turkey. He is also perhaps somewhat disingenuous on the Turkish-German treaty of 1941 and remarkably brief on the subject of Turkish exports of chrome. His description of Syria as "religiously fairly homogeneous" might raise eyebrows in Latakia and the Jebel Druze, while his reference to Soviet influence in Amman would certainly occasion surprise in that city. The book is on the whole well written, though Dr Váli includes such irritating mannerisms as "real estate" for territory, and alarming words like "disaggregation".

Since the completion of Dr Váli's study there have been violent changes in Turkey. The government of Mr Demirel, whose policies are the central concern of *Bridge across the Bosphorus*, has been overthrown by the military and replaced by caretaker governments. The militant opposition of radical groups has, however, continued. These groups are primarily concerned with foreign policy issues, and the comfortable assumption that, come what may internally, Turkey will remain a loyal friend in her foreign policy is no longer as certain as it was. Radical nationalism and violence come from both right and left. The leftists display the usual range of opinion and emotion found in open and tolerant societies, among which Turkey may for this purpose be counted. For these Turkish leftists, protest gains an added poignancy from the knowledge that, but for the reforms of Atatürk and his successors, they too might have been sinless Afro-Asians instead of guilt-ridden Europeans. The right is divided into an ultra-nationalist pan-Turkish group on the one hand, and an ultra-Islamic group on the other. The religious and the leftist opposition groups are believed by the Turkish authorities to be heavily subsidized and to some extent directed from outside.

Both the leftist and Islamicist groups have radical objections to the present order in republican Turkey. The one would transform Turkey into something like Saudi Arabia; the other, in achievement if not in intention, would give Turkey the status of Czechoslovakia or even Uzbekistan.

Supporters of an overly pro-Soviet line are very rare in Turkey, but there are many who would prefer neutralist policy, and point to Sweden as the model to be followed. There are, however, certain significant differences. Sweden has one of the most advanced heavy industries in the world and can provide the means for her own defence. Turkey can not and is unlikely to be able to do so some time to come. The geographical position is again different. On one side of Sweden lies Finland, a country which, after proving itself a battle, has made its own accommodation with the Soviet Union; on the other side is Nato. Turkey in contrast abuts directly on the borders of the Soviet Union and Bulgaria, and is taken in the rear by Syria and Iraq, two countries which are to varying degrees under Soviet influence. Beyond Sweden's western neighbour, the North Sea and the Atlantic, beyond Turkey's southern neighbour, the Suez Canal, there are no buffers. Finally, there is the lack of linguistic and cultural ties between the Turks of Turkey and the largest and most important of the Slavonic peoples of the Soviet Union. A free and open Turkey could offer peoples as an evolving Czechoslovakia offered the Slavs. There are no Swedes, and as yet no Scandinavians under Soviet rule, and no comparable threat to Soviet internal security offered by Swedish freedom.

Even now, after their long service as a Nato ally, the Turks remain somewhat isolated. On the one hand, despite the long process of Europeanization extending over more than a century, they have not really been accepted as fellow Europeans by the peoples of Europe. On the other hand they are certainly not regarded as Afro-Asians, either by the Afro-Asian countries themselves, or by liberal and progressive circles in the West. These last have to a very large extent retained their traditional attitudes towards the Turks—for one is more traditional in attitude than a progressive. The Turks and their notions do not therefore benefit from the kind of Monroe doctrine which often protects Arabs, for example, from critical comment. The resulting sense of isolation has become very acute among the Turks during the Cyprus crisis, when their reasonable demands were not understood, their reasonable behaviour not praised, and when their Greek opponents seemed to be enjoying the simultaneous support of the Nato block, the Soviet block, and a large part of the "Third World". The resulting feeling of disappointment has coloured Turkish attitudes since. It has led to fundamental re-examination of the purposes and modalities of Turkish foreign policy.

FICTION

GIORGIO BASSANI
L'odore del fieno
147pp. Milan: Mondadori. 1.2.000.

Giorgio Bassani is probably Italy's most consistently good novelist. His careful prose and equally accurate observation never fail to give the high standard he seems to have set himself from the start. His method is, unlike say, Moravia or Calvino, he makes no technical experiments and never alters or strains his style; and, unlike them, he never founders. Since his first widely successful stories appeared in one volume about sixteen years ago, little has changed in his fiction. The even prose is as well suited as ever to the demands of retrospective, ironic, nostalgic, affectionate and bitterness, the attitudes and even the subjects are similar, the fascination with the atmosphere and outlook, even with the objects, place-names, fashions and artefacts of a lost time, is as strong as ever.

Signor Bassani's work forms an imaginative history of the 1930s and early 1940s from the point of view of an upper-middle-class Jew in Ferrara, an age in the earliest stories he does not appear as narrator; being somewhere between the approaches of C. P. Snow and Proust to the past, perhaps; without much of his skill in finding and tracing patterns, and without the brilliance of the second yet with his passion for the exact detail, his tenderness for the particular object, for the telling sensuous memory, its weakness, shown particularly in a collection of very short pieces like those in *L'odore del fieno* (The smell of hay), is a certain indulgence, a literary obviousness: some of the stories in this collection, for instance, are grouped under the title "Les saignes d'antan".

Signor Bassani spent his first twenty-seven years in Ferrara, a homogeneously concentrated form of Italian provincial life on which he has drawn ever since. As a Jew in his early twenties, when the anti-Semitism imposed from Germany was making itself felt, he no doubt experienced the humiliations and tears he describes in the characters of his novels and short stories: the social prickles (rather than hammer-blows, as in Germany), the confusion of spirit when it was stressed that "Italianness", that most coveted quality, meant fascism.

... and only man is vile

V. GREEN
The Power of Sergeant Stretcher
40pp. Macmillan. £2.40.

Homosexual relationships are the main concern of G. F. Green's new novel; taste and restraint are the guiding factors, and not only as regards content: Mr Green's prose is economical, fresh and beautifully imposed; even when he strives for overly lyrical effects, language and description are kept under control. Green's efforts to make us see it, but the book is curiously structured: it begins with what are really self-contained short stories, both very good in themselves (one of them has appeared separately in *Writer's Tales*). This might have been an effective way of introducing relevant backgrounds of the two characters; but it reads like a deliberate attempt at simplification.

Except for the second chapter, the novel is set in wartime and immediately post-war England. Mr Green is more concerned with his characters than their environment, both men—Stretcher and Sheldon—are incompetent in human relationships; they are inert and suspicious, slow to respond, slow to act, slow to contrast with the obvious obviousness of their enemies. Sheldon in particular is utterly at the mercy of his

and to be Jewish gradually came to mean exclusion from all that was loved, as well as hatred, in both: meant, above all, the loss of a sense of belonging, of familiarity. In this anguish every line of his stories is steeped.

L'odore del fieno contains more stories of the same kind, mostly set in Ferrara and often among characters we have met before: Bruno Tattesi, for instance, who figures in several, appeared in the novels as a minor character with his blonde Adriana, so "arian" and so desirable, so insensitive and indeed in retrospect so odious. One of them ends with the disconsolate Bruno wandering about the seaside town where he has hoped (vainly, as it turns out) to reestablish their old relationship, and meeting Cesarino, her young brother, on his bicycle: a pennant flies from the front of it, with a tiny swastika on it. He asks the boy why, and Cesarino answers (untranslatable): "Così, per bellezza." This is Signor Bassani at his best, dry, uncommencing, almost tragic. Other stories point the theme of nostalgia and lessons learnt: in one, the middle-aged narrator returns to the provincial life he has outgrown in considering himself that would come better, in criticism, from an outsider.

Moral transfusion

MADISON JONES
A Cry of Absence
280pp. André Deutsch. £2.10.

A young Negro activist has been stoned to death in the south of America. Hester Cileann—decent, honourable—tries to place the blame in the white trash section of the town. But she painfully comes to realize that her own son—white, T-shirt, white trousers, white baseball shoes—is responsible for the murder. Can, more decent, more honourable than Hester herself.

All the "right" things that Hester believes in only need to be given a push to become the "wrong" things as well. She admires her son's athletic prowess: but hurling a baseball is not very different from hurling a stone. She adores her son with all her being: but this love ultimately deadens Cam to the feelings of everyone else. It takes Cam's suicide to make

Hester fully aware of the part she has played in the Negro's death. She becomes stricken with guilt—for the arrogance of assuming a morality, guilt for the simple fact of being alive. She warns the town's library of a plot to assassinate more Negroes; then slashes her wrists in the bath. She has gone the way of humility and death.

But Madison Jones in no way dismisses Hester's beliefs. In a superb passage Ames—her elder son—grabs her arm and is unable to tell whether the heartbeat is his own or his mother's. This link of blood becomes a link of morality. Ames does not rid himself of his mother's Confederate house at the end of the novel. He understands now that the old order—with the whites placed in mansions by God—had more freedom, more space than the present generation's "stiffened minds and wills". For all her faults, his mother had achieved a humanity the packs of liberals will never know.

ing, but one feels that Mr Green is best when nearer home, as in his beautifully gauged story "The Last of the Snow". Perhaps Mr Green should disregard the nature of the contemporary fiction market and write more short stories—his *Land Without Heroes* is a model of the genre.

Rising sap

H. E. BATES
The Song of the Wren
68pp. Michael Joseph. £1.90.

Mr Bates' favourite form, the novella, is represented in this collection by three stories: "The Dam", "The Man Who Loved Squirrels", and "The Tiger Moth". "The Man Who Loved Squirrels" is the longest and most successful. It is set, though impressively, in the 1920s, and is about one of those intricate, slowly-developing routines you can't long you think have stopped wearing a smothered whom Mr Bates presents with such sympathy and exactness.

The explosive mixture that always lies somewhere deep down in these slow giants of his is subtly and gradually ignited at Spiff Jackson is a woodworker who cuts and trims furniture at the mercy of his

advantage of by two women: his crabby old mother and an unscrupulously acquisitive slut. When Spiff does finally erupt into the violence he has for so long been working up to, this violence takes a form which the reader momentarily finds unexpected—yet exactly right: too once he has got over the shock of it.

The other two long stories, one about a mother-daughter hatred, the other an anti-climactic tale of wartime adultery, are done with style and assurance, but haven't quite the bite of the main piece. To open and close the muster Miss Shillworth appears. She is one of the products of Mr Bates' jokey vein, and promises to be a great improvement on his earlier, quite deplorable Larkins. Her conversations and positions with a visiting vicar round off the book on a note of unforgotten cheerfulness and good sense.

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On a hill-top in Moab

CHARLES JOHNSTON

The Brink of Jordan
179pp. Hamish Hamilton. £3.

The Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, as Middle East observers keep observing, is permanently on the brink—one brink or another. During Sir Charles Johnston's four years as Britain's envoy in Amman (1956-60) it was more on the brink than usual (perhaps even more than it was in June 1967 or during the King's recent fight-to-the-finish with the Palestinian *Jedayeen*), and Sir Charles's memoir of those four years vividly conveys the excitement of living through them as both observer and participant.

Ever since Husain, in 1952, exchanged that impenetrable hill-top in Harrow for the debt-ridden throne knocked up by his ingenious grandfather on a hill-top in Moab, hostile forces inside and outside the Kingdom have sought to push him out of it. So striking has been the blend of fearlessness and flair with which he has

steadily fended them off, that even the ranks of Hussein can scarcely be unimpressed. It was during Sir Charles's time that Husain, defying the principles of orthodontics, learnt to show a new skin on his teeth, operation after operation. The author's sympathetic account of the process by which Husain rapidly developed from a hesitant teenager to a leader of quality differs not much from the King's own published version. Perhaps more revealing (and less defensible) are those parts of his story that describe the manner in which Britain's policy towards the King and his problems evolved at the same time. For instance, as the account makes plain, the British Government was well-served by its representative on the spot, in that "blind-man's bluff" which is the basic material of diplomatic history, and did not at that stage of the game come any conspicuous crop.

Though evidently, and despite dis-

avowed, forward-looking, and his own. One may regret his disinclination to probe more deeply the psychology or psychosis of the King's opponents (which is not the same as to sympathize with them). But his attitude to the general phenomenon of Arab nationalism is far-sighted; and his pen-pictures of Jordanian prime ministers and others are admirably done. Samir Rifai "managing to look Pickwickian and predatory at the same time" or Hazzi Majali with "his very bright eyes which lit up with amusement at the slightest whiff of political intrigue". And his landscape pictures are often exquisite—though the hard-pressed King Husain might be momentarily shaken by his final romantic description of Jordan as "a country outside time".

The book as a whole is largely and unashamedly concerned with Sir Charles's own zest for life as well as his zeal for duty: his fair for "ad-mos" having his cake and eating it, as he himself puts it. Not everyone will find its mixture of serious poli-

tical observation and cosy domestic intimacy readily digestible. To say the least, the book is a detailed and often amusingly ironic account of a man who has been writing down for falling behind the times. It is a scholarly contribution to history, too absorbed in diplomatic detail to qualify simply as a good bedtime story. Others may be taken to confuse the unimpeachable candour of some passages with the regard.

But there are many ways of ap-

The saddest thought ever

VASILY ROZANOV:
Dostoevsky and the Legend of the Grand Inquisitor
Translated by Spencer E. Roberts.
232pp. Johns Hopkins Press (HBEG).
£4.55.

The *Grand Inquisitor* is the title which Ivan Karamazov gave to his projected poem on the subject of Christ's reincarnation in Seville at the height of the Inquisition. Rozanov's famous study, originally published in 1891, examines the meaning of the *Grand Inquisitor's* disquisition to Christ in the light of the evolution of Dostoevsky's own thought and some of the shibboleths of the nineteenth century. It is a splendid piece of exegesis and a great pioneering exploit in its own field, quite unjustly neglected in the English-speaking world. The present translation does it justice.

Vasily Rozanov has been almost as neglected as this first important work of his (a short monograph by Renato Poggioli and translations by S. S. Kotelnitsky, apart from some other work by the present translator, Spencer E. Roberts, are the principal items available in English). Rozanov achieved some notoriety and a great deal of unpopularity from his marriage to Apollinariya Suslova, at one time Dostoevsky's mistress, whom he married in order to get to know Dostoevsky better—hardly a sound reason for marriage. Suslova refused him a divorce and he took a mistress of his own.

It is hardly surprising that he should gradually have become notorious for his views on sex and religion. Professor Roberts gives a digest of Rozanov's views in an admirable afterword. See, Rozanov

claimed, is holy, the soul and sex being one, so that during intercourse man actually enters into direct contact with God, and by this means souls are brought from a higher world into this one. A rather charming idea, this, but as unscientific as the resultant philosophy was unscientific. Rozanov rejected Christianity because Christ never laughed, never sang, never danced, never married: "A merry Christian," he declared, "is the same *contradictio in adjecto* as a circular square."

Rozanov sought solace in admiration for religions that glorified life and things of the flesh; he denied the Christian concept of resurrection and life everlasting. But he was unsure of his belief and ended on his deathbed in 1919 by proclaiming the risen Christ. His ideas had a wide and catholic appeal, not least to D. H. Lawrence. Professor Roberts summarises his weaknesses and strengths:

Shifty, insincere, servile, inconsistent, contradictory, prejudiced, blasphemous—all these pejorative and more describe Rozanov. Certainly few Russian writers can so antagonize. Yet, even while disagreeing with him, scholars read him with delight, marvelling at his inventiveness, at his brilliant verbal gift, at his clever dialectic, at his candour in revealing the sordid details of his narcissistic soul.

His study of *The Grand Inquisitor* was written before he propounded his philosophy of sex and there is nothing even faintly titillating about it. There is intimacy of another kind—a sense of deep communion with the ideas of the *Inquisitor's* creator. Rozanov articulated, if only vaguely, that mystic link with another's spiritual reality which may derive from close study of some great creator's

life and work. He felt that at the centre of Dostoevsky's achievement, just as it was the heart of his last and greatest novel, stood the *Legend* and set out to show how all the torment and agony of Dostoevsky's life rise to the perverse grandeur of the *Grand Inquisitor's* rebuttal of Christian doctrine.

No argument against the existence of an all-mighty Creator is more powerful than the one which Dostoevsky gave Ivan Karamazov in the famous chapter "Revol't" (*Bunt*). The examples of torture inflicted on the "innocents", the children, can be repeated and multiplied in each succeeding generation. We are no less artful than were the Turks who dandled babies before their mothers and then blew their brains out. Television newsreels from Vietnam show us nightly how the innocents are slaughtered. Dostoevsky's eye for suffering probably never captured a truer instance than the one he recorded on his visit to London in 1862:

In the Haymarket, I noticed mothers who bring their very young daughters to walk the streets. Little girls of about twelve grasp you by the arm and ask you to go with them. I remember, one time I saw a girl of about six, no older, all in rags, dirty, barefoot, drunk and beaten up: her body, visible through her rags, was covered with bruises. She walked along as if unaware of what she was doing, hurrying nowhere. God only knows why she was staggering about in the crowd: maybe she was hungry. No one paid any attention to her. But what struck me most was the fact that she walked along with a look of such sorrow, of such hopeless despair on her face, that to see this little creature, alone bearing in herself so much execration and despair was somehow unnatural and terribly painful. She kept shaking her

touled head from side to side, as if she were discussing something; she would spread her little hands apart, gesticulate with them, and then suddenly clasp them together and press them to her bare little breast. I went back and gave her silence. She took the silver coin, then shyly, with timid amazement, looked me in the eyes and suddenly took to her heels, as if afraid I would take the money from her.

To Rozanov this was evidence enough that something monstrous was taking place in history: "Human beings... are being sacrificed, no longer individually, but in whole masses, in whole nations, in the name of some general and distant goal that has not yet revealed itself to a single living person and about which we can only guess." What, in his view, offended Dostoevsky, as it offended him, was the perversion done to the "precious and invulnerable" image of God which is each individual's mystical birthright.

As we know from the *Grand Inquisitor's* argument, this perversion grew from the temptations offered to Christ in the wilderness. Had Christ been willing to accept the world and Caesar's sword, he would have everlastingly possessed the human conscience and founded his kingdom on earthly bread. He did not; but man is weak and needs the thralldom of a conscience subordinated in the name of the mystery, miracle and authority; and so the universal church has usurped to itself the freedom promised by Christ and mankind has gladly submitted to this perversion of the truth. Rozanov explains this—as he calls it—"saddest thought ever to pass through human consciousness" by saying:

L'Arrière-pays is a spacious work, despite its relative shortness, and is written with M. Bonnefoy's usual impassioned high seriousness, in a grave and poetically vibrant language.

It is inevitable that in a work of this scope not all the entries will meet with everybody's approval, and one or two complaints might be offered. In a dictionary which is out to include as much colloquial vocabulary as possible, for instance, it is surprising not to find *baseball* ("baseball boots"). Although the word is not in Smirnitki, it does occur in Ozhegov, denoting an old-fashioned footgear which is extremely common, not just for the playing of basketball but as light summer shoes. Room might also have been found for *kalopy*, a children's game rather like a pair of *trousers* with socks attached. *Mozhigol* translated only as "a great number" is a quantity; multitude. However, since it is a common mathematical term which turns up frequently in non-mathematical texts, particularly in linguistics, surely "set" should also have been given.

It scores again over Smirnitki by giving information about irregular plural noun forms and changes of stress in verb forms, adjective short forms and noun forms, and at the back there is a most useful list of

Thus, the counsels of the "wise" powerful spirit, who tempted Jesus in the wilderness, contain the same universal history and the unending deepest aspirations of human nature. Those counsels were criminal, but it is because man's very nature is also criminal. And there is no escape except through crime to answer aspirations; there is no other possibility of satisfying, protecting and accepting this very perversion as a basis—by gathering together the scattered flock by means of a sacred idea, the falsity of which would be the falsity of their nature.

There was a good deal of poetry about Rozanov's interpretation of Dostoevsky. He concentrated the *Legend* because it is no doubt suited his own nihilistic, iconoclastic temperament and accorded with his atheistic, insecure mood of intellectual Russia at the turn of the century. He deliberately disregarded Dostoevsky's own attempts—unably less impressive, but not trivial to offer a counter-argument through the example of Zosima. He went to conclude his study with grandiose generalizations about "harmonizing" characteristics of the Russian people by comparing the Latin and Teutonic races to the seeds of his later Jew-hatred which were discerned in this bombast.

But we have to take the bombast along with the eloquent sense of outrage, the perverse overstatement, along with the impassioned argument. All may be forgiven Rozanov and the murkier corners of his thought forgotten, when one considers his concern for man's loneliness without God as it is exhibited here in his interpretation of the *Legend of the Grand Inquisitor*.

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POETRY

To remake the earth

YVES BONNEFOY:
L'Arrière-pays
164pp. Geneva: Skira, 34 Sw fr.
ANDRÉ DU BOUCHET:
Qu'il n'est pas tourné vers nous
175pp. Paris: Mercure de France, 32fr.

One of the deepest incitements to poetry since the Romantics has been a search for Eden. Yves Bonnefoy's *L'Arrière-pays* is another account of such a search, and an important one. He rediscovers the paradox of Poe, that it is precisely the seemingly utter sufficiency of natural beauty which dissatisfies, by urging to something beyond itself. He looks, however, for the lost place of benediction, the *val lieu*, not in the *néant* or an imaginary elsewhere but in a world "of flesh and of time" like ours, not formed by human vision. The book both celebrates the earth as it is and desires its "resurrection".

In form, it is a kind of essential autobiography, organized around the single quest for the *arrière-pays*, and reports M. Bonnefoy's travels, mainly as an art critic, to various places and paintings. He responds to the latter, with continually stimulating penetration, as attempts to fulfill our need for images, for seeing the earth remade. It also relates crucial experiences that have fed his writing, though he refers them, curiously, less to his poetry than to certain unfinished stories. He reveals himself, indeed, a compelling storyteller, delicate, symbolic, erudite, no doubt under the conscious influence of Nerval; even though it is part of the discipline of which the book is the narrative to reject this "imaginative" type of composition.

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Italian ironies

NELIO RISI:
Di certe cose
91pp. L1,600.
BARTOLO CATTAFI:
L'aria secca del fuoco
211pp. L3,000.
GIOVANNI GIUDICI:
O Beatrice
118pp. L2,300.
Milan: Mondadori.
ROBERTO SANESI:
L'improvviso di Milano
147pp. Pafma; Guanda, L2,000.

Nelio Risi defines the ethos of his new book in terms of "a practical passion which by means of pondered sarcasm and stylistic research aims at communicating with man". This and the full title—*Di certe cose che dette in versi suonano meglio che in prosa* (certain things, which sound better in verse than in prose)—fairly sum up the aims and qualities of this collection of his disarming ingenious notion of the distinction between prose and poetry. Signor Risi uses, or rather over-uses, a vein of moralistic, comic-poetic irony, and at the same time exploits indiscriminately different kinds of prose: scientific, technical, commercial and journalistic. Moreover, he not only uses words—worth's "very language of men"—but reproduces their colloquial mannerisms, the *che* and *aha*, as well as statements and repetitions.

It is, however, only in a few shorter poems, like "Che altro ci giova", "Sino", "Domini", "Quando il pensiero era ancora", or "Dai cieli sempreverdi", that Signor Risi achieves the desired effect of novelty and modernity. In these poems wit and sarcasm are not so much resorted to for their own sake as dictated by a moral and poetic intensity, and this leads to an effort

gunge whose syntax, at times, is pointedly classical. It is full of ideas (for instance, on the metaphysical nature of Latin, of writer's wisdom, and of pregnant phrasing).

A comparison with Philippe Jaccottet's very similar *Paysages avec figures absentes* (reviewed here on December 25, 1970) shows its possible limitations. There is less really probing contact with individual sites and canvases; M. Bonnefoy's imagination, which is anything but abstract, works nevertheless not so much through a response to detailed particulars as through the establishing of general, though still passionate, mental structures, in a way that one associates with French classicism. One may, of course, prefer his method; here it makes his pursuit

of a relationship with nature an intellectual hygiene rather more than a hygiene of the whole man. One also becomes aware in M. Jaccottet of a dimension that is absent from *L'Arrière-pays*, the dimension of human pain and evil, which is arguably vital to a study of natural beauty as lacking its plenitude, and of ourselves as exiles. None of which is to deny, however, that this is a severe and admirable work, which anyone concerned for poetry and painting ought to know.

Qu'il n'est pas tourné vers nous by André du Bouchet, a colleague of Yves Bonnefoy on the review *L'Éphémère*, is more centrally occupied with the languages of literature and of graphic art. Moving through and beyond a scrutinizing of the

drawings of Giacometti (which partly develops ideas contained in Jean Genet's *L'Atelier d'Alberto Giacometti*), it explores the artist's and the writer's white sheet of paper: a barrier and yet an opening, an image of Nothing but also of Light, a depthless object which nevertheless includes everything, even the artist or writer's subjectivity. Giacometti is seen as using blank spaces to encroach on an object, to "interrupt" it, to prevent it from becoming conclusive and so rejecting the rest of matter into a void. He looks beyond objects to "the invisible object", to "another light" not unlike M. Bonnefoy's "real place".

M. du Bouchet's absorption in this technique is natural in a poet influenced by Mallarmé, who suggested the primordial role of the page as a whiteness to be enhanced by words, and who conceived *Un coup de dés* as a kind of graphic. M. du Bouchet's writing is a reproduction of Giacometti's graphics. It is repetitive, obsessive. Its syntax, even that of the title, is inconclusive and interrupted, an infinite series of intricate approximations. Above all, it creates white spaces on the page as integral elements of its meaning. The result is a form of abstract poetry, or spatial poetry: the unremitting intellectuality of a Latin vocabulary serves a language which describes the human condition by placing man in space, in a manner resembling that of the *École du regard*.

The book's abstractness does not prevent it from engaging with basic human drama, and fundamentally with life and death—any more than does the abstractness of abstract art, or the conveying of the tense theology of Pascal through an investigation of space and number. One may feel, however, that it lacks urgency, since, while imitating so many features of Giacometti's works, M. du Bouchet has found no linguistic equivalent for their glowing presence.

On Not Being Milton

(for Sergio Vieira and Armando Guebuza)

Read and committed to the flames, I call these sixteen lines that go back to my roots my *Cahier d'un retour au pays natal*, my growing black enough to fit my boots.

The stutter of the scold out of the branks of condescension, class and counter-class thickens with glottals to a lumpy mass of Ludding morphemes closing up their ranks. Each swung cast-iron Enoch of Leeds stress clangs a forged missive on the frames of Art, the looms of owned language smashed apart!

Three cheers for mute ingloriousness!

Articulation is the tongue-tied's fighting. In the silence round all poetry we quote Tidd the Cato Street conspirator who wrote:

Sir, I Hunt a very Bad Hand at Righting.

TONY HARRISON

Chilean whimsies

PABLO NERUDA:
Extravaganzas
Translated by Alastair Reid.
302pp. Cape. £3.50 (paperback, £1.75).

Chileans often claim to be "the English of South America", and though such statements are always misleading there is at least one sense in which the parallel is true. Chilean humour is remarkably like our own, especially in that area which we tend to regard as peculiar to ourselves: whimsy and nonsense verse. This is the side of Pablo Neruda's poetry which is most likely to capture an English audience, and his whimsicality is nowhere more continuously on or near the surface than in *Extravaganzas* (1956), now translated as *Extravaganzas* by Alastair Reid.

Mr Reid has tackled Neruda before, both on his own and as one of the four translators of the *Collected Poems*, and is the only one of his numerous translators into

English to have dared enter the humorous field. He does so in a neat, deft way, with the fun bubbling up through the verses—not always faithfully, but achieving equivalences which do generally "work", and adding touches of his own to compensate for many effects which could not be successfully translated. Even his mistakes (and there are quite a lot of these) often have the nature of what Peter Porter has called "aptopos" the *Confused Poet*—creative misunderstandings.

Mr Reid's versions are at their best when he is handling the more whimsical pieces, and the really funny ones: the occasional exultant note is less well captured, while the profound melancholy which sometimes underlies the clowning tends to get softened and smoothed out. But the collection is highly readable, and should delight a wide public, uncorrupted with the technicalities of the translator's art.

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Standard Russian and deviant Russian

MARCUS WHEELER:
Soviet Prison Camp Speech: A Survivor's Glossary
216pp. University of Wisconsin Press (American University Publishers Group). £4.75.
MARCUS WHEELER:
The Oxford Russian-English Dictionary
918pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £5.

Soviet Prison Camp Speech may call itself a glossary, but it is far from being a simple word-list. It contains an account of Russian argot in general and of prison-camp speech in particular, together with a discussion of the possible sources of and reasons for their special vocabularies. It also has a useful survey of other works on Russian argot, and since each entry gives at least one sentence showing

how a particular word or phrase is used, the *Glossary* is an excellent guide to the syntax of spoken Russian.

The various words listed are not only given an English translation but are also explained in some detail, so that the *Glossary* emerges as a fascinating description of life in Soviet prison camps. The authenticity of the descriptions cannot be doubted, since the survivor of the title is also one of the authors, Meyer Galler, who spent ten years in the camps. In addition to the standard "four-letter" words, which of course are not peculiar to prison-camp speech but may not be found in any standard Russian dictionary, this *Glossary* also lists a great many extremely colourful expressions which leave one amazed at their vigour.

The *Glossary* is not only for students of the Russian language who happen to be interested in this particular area of vocabulary but is

valuable too for anyone who wants to read in Russian the growing number of novels which are either concerned with prison camps or in which the dialogue contains many expressions taken from their speech.

The new *Oxford Russian-English Dictionary* is, naturally, less flamboyant but it is a most impressive piece of scholarship. There are good reasons why it may be expected to replace Smirnitki as the standard reference-book for students whose native tongue is English. To start with, the *Oxford* is far superior to any Russian work in respect of binding, quality of paper, legibility and general appearance, and it contains 70,000 entries, 20,000 more than Smirnitki.

Then, although both the *Oxford* and Smirnitki contain many colloquial terms, as well as the more common scientific and mathematical terms, the *Oxford*, having been compiled by native speakers of English,

often has much better and more up-to-date translations, especially of idioms. For example, whereas Smirnitki translates *srezat'sya* as "fail", he plucked, "khula" as "detraction", and *yo yo pashlo kavyrkam* as "everything went topsyturvy", the *Oxford* translates these expressions as, respectively, "be ploughed", "abuse, hostile criticism", and "everything went haywire".

The *Oxford* is also more informative in explaining Russian terms which have no exact English equivalent. For instance, *pokazat kukish* is translated by Smirnitki as "give the fig", which is hardly enlightening, whereas the *Oxford* explains: "just how the obscene gesture is made and in what circumstances it is used. It scores again over Smirnitki by giving information about irregular plural noun forms and changes of stress in verb forms, adjective short forms and noun forms, and at the back there is a most useful list of

official and other common abbreviations.

It is inevitable that in a work of this scope not all the entries will meet with everybody's approval, and one or two complaints might be offered. In a dictionary which is out to include as much colloquial vocabulary as possible, for instance, it is surprising not to find *baseball* ("baseball boots"). Although the word is not in Smirnitki, it does occur in Ozhegov, denoting an old-fashioned footgear which is extremely common, not just for the playing of basketball but as light summer shoes. Room might also have been found for *kalopy*, a children's game rather like a pair of *trousers* with socks attached. *Mozhigol* translated only as "a great number" is a quantity; multitude. However, since it is a common mathematical term which turns up frequently in non-mathematical texts, particularly in linguistics, surely "set" should also have been given.

The first four titles:

Van Dyck: *Charles I on Horseback*
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Lord Clark

Lord Clark

From flower-beds to death-beds

Souvenir Press



Souvenir Press
95 Mortimer Street
London W1N 8HP

This book is not so much a study of the education of a prince as a picture of the political background against which that prince grew to maturity. Since Edward himself was especially interested in foreign politics George Dangerfield is chiefly concerned with such matters as the Crimean War, the Schleswig-Holstein complication, the building of the Suez Canal, and, of course, the *entente cordiale* between England and France and the less happy relations between England and the emergent power of the German empire. Mr Dangerfield neatly sums up the essential difference between Edward and his nephew Wilhelm the King never he had a very good manner but he had a very good manner the Kaiser on the other hand had a very bad manner but he had

place, when Edward was five years old. Perhaps it is ungrateful to complain that the best chapter in the book is also the most irrelevant. Mr. Dangerfield has written of Repel in fascinating, accurate and dramatic detail. His account of Peel is particularly good because it stresses a point too often forgotten, Peel's "almost haunted concern for the under-privileged poor."

Victoria's Hair first appeared in 1942. Its style has dated badly; it would be unkind but not inaccurate to describe it as a Lytton Strachey and a J. B. Priestley collaboration. It will hardly be re-publication. In his introduction Mr. Dangerfield says that he had aimed at writing "serious history in an entertaining manner." In this aim he has succeeded. The entertainment may not be as good as it seemed thirty years ago; the serious history remains admirable.

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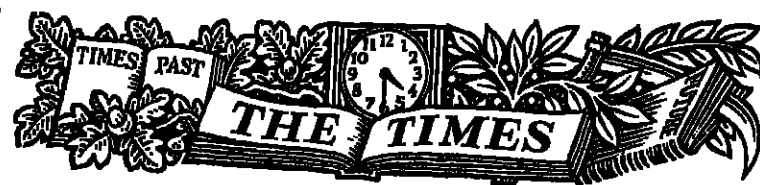
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71st Year

21 JULY 1972

No. 3,673

Viewpoint

BY JOHN GROSS

SHOULD a literary companion tell
all? I have been browsing
through the British and Com-
monwealth volume of the *Penguin
Companion to Literature* reviewed
in the TLS a couple of weeks ago,
and comparing it with the old Every-
man *Biographical Dictionary of Eng-
lish Literature*, which was designed
to meet a similar need circa 1910.
Unlike David Daiches, who organi-
sed the Penguin volume, the Every-
man editor decided to include as
many secondary figures as possible,
working on the assumption that his
readers were at least as anxious to
identify Philemon Holland or Augus-
tus Toplady or Ernest Jones the
Chartist as they were to bone up in
a hurry on Milton and Chaucer. He
may well have been right, and I know
that my own preference would have
been for an up-to-date Penguin com-
panion along the same lines; but the
arguments for clipping and prun-
ing grow stronger with the years, and
in his foreword Professor Daiches
makes out a persuasive case for the
more selective policy which he has
adopted.

Inevitably, of course, such an
approach lays an editor open to
charges of being arbitrary or incon-
sistent. By what standard does one
welcome aboard, say, Paine the
Franklin or Moxon de Roche while
excluding William Law? Why Con-
stance Garnett and not Scott Mon-
crieff? What happened to Kilvert,
Barbellion, *The Ingoldsby Legends*,
The Ragged Dicks, *Philanthro-
pists*, *Ad Levenson*, Arthur Mor-
rison, Lord de Tabley, Father John
Gray? But it is easy to pick holes,
and impossible to please everybody:
on the whole, Professor Daiches has
come up with an extremely lively and
well-balanced selection.

One thing which struck me, how-
ever, was how completely the litera-
ture and literature of British India, other
than Kipling, seem to have dropped
out of sight. John Leyden, for in-
stance, though I doubt whether they would
have got in if it were not on account
of Border ballads and hymn-writing
respectively; on the other hand, no
William Jones, no *Competition
Wallah*, above all none of the Anglo-
Indian historians from Ome on-
wards. (And it is not that the *Com-
panion* displays any very marked
prejudice against historical writing in
general, as dim a figure as Agnes
Strickland, of *The Lives of the
Queens of England*, manages to find
a place.)

Admittedly this last lacuna is much
easier to condone here than it is in
the *New Cambridge Bibliography of
English Literature*. The original
CBE set out to be uniquely, heret-
ically comprehensive, to make good
F. W. Bateson's assertion that it
was every English author and book
with any claim to literary distinction
from Anglo-Saxon times to c.1900.
In the revised version, there have

experience as those which produce a
language riot in Karachi. But per-
haps, in a loose way, it is not really
so very hard for us to empathise.

There are always local complica-
tions, however, and in the case of
one language whose future is at best
problematic, Yiddish, I know just
enough to recognize that they are
very complicated complications in-
deed. I mention the subject now
because I have been reading a
recently-published collection of
stories, Cynthia Ozick's *The Pagan
Rabbit*, and because one of them, a
long story called 'Fanny' or 'Yiddish
in America', seems to me a quite
exceptionally impressive achieve-
ment. The central character is an
elderly, embittered, mediocre Yid-
dish writer living in New York, the
envy of the title, which is eating him
up, is mainly directed at the one
colleague to have succeeded in
breaking out of the little world of
literary Yiddish and reaching the
great American intellectual public.
It is sardonic, hence, completely un-
sentimental, wholly convincing, and
though it dramatizes many of the
ironies and complexities of Yiddish,
or Yiddish in America, with great
intelligence, it is in no sense a tract;
language is the medium through
which the characters move, not
merely the excuse for their presence.
The other stories in *The Pagan
Rabbit* are well worth reading, too,
but it is on the strength of 'Fanny'
that I would single out Cynthia
Ozick as the most interesting new
American-Jewish writer to have
come my way in the past few years.

Has anyone ever compiled a cata-
logue of great unwritten books -
books, that is to say, which we know
were at one stage actually contem-
plated or planned? Among serious
examples of the genre, I think that
the one I would most like to read,
off-hand, would be Gibbon's life of
Sir Walter Raleigh. Among the curi-
osities, I can think of few which would
tempt me more than *Herbert Spen-
cer's* cookery-book.

That Spenser ever considered writ-
ing a cookery-book may not be all
that widely known, but the fact is
vouched for in *Home Life With Her-
bert Spenser* by 'Two' (the Ladies
who shared a house with him in
Avenue Road between 1889 and
1897). This is itself a volume which
deserves to be resurrected, full of
curious anecdotes, although the
cumulative effect is touching rather
than funny, and by no means cal-
culated to make anyone feel less
affectionate towards the hero.
Among the more bizarre episodes, I
recommend the account of Spenser's
attempt to rejuvenate a carpet by
transforming it into a pattern of faded
flowers into one of cherries. (It in-
volves making indentations in a tray
and filling them with red ink, and
was generally worthy of Professor
Brinnestawm.) His views on interior
decoration were as strong as his views
on food - 'Two' had to go to an
extraordinary amount of trouble, for
instance, to find chair-covers in his

favourite colour, and would no doubt
have been an unusually interesting
well; but given the choice, I still
take the cookery-book.
For the benefit of those of my
fascination with Spenser who
append a Spenser letter who
across in a volume of rem-
in the novelists Pen
indulgingly enough, not to say
sible enough source, I feel it
its being reproduced ap-
pearing, in the *Life and Letters
of Herbert Spencer*, contained
with an exception a sentence
had been staying with
Brighton while recuperating
illness. Shortly after return-
he sent his host a formal let-
note, which surely can be
a reply. Instead, he re-
following:

My Dear Allen,

I am glad to hear that you
that you profited by my sug-
hope that the corner may be
turned completely.

That it may be turned so
it is clear that you must use
imagination. Quite spontane-
Key remarked, since you like
rapidly you are - more rapid
than Mrs. Schickel - and, as I
Schickel said in a letter to me
she does everything, I feel
stand that your mania is
extremely inefficient.

If I had to teach children
give them, among other things,
in the importance of music,
should illustrate it by taking
non nail and weighing ap-
punches of iron filings in a
balance, then, putting them
glasses, pouring into each of
to stir the two from time to
showing them, that when
filings would quickly dis-
solving of the nail would be
of something like a seed. I
impress on them the impor-
reducing food to small frag-
you, a scientific man, to
recognize this, is, to me, at least,
fact is, however, I presume, the
doubtless, on all occasions, the
about something or thinking
something, and ignoring
attention to your food, to what
should be made devoted to
being that you had made
mouthful almost unavail-
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So ist's ihr aus dem Brindchen runtergefallen! - / (K.): "Keine Ahnung -
Was es denn für'n Buch? - (in Sammelbänden) Costenoble 'Der Schif-
bruch' (Wien, 1850). Steigentesch, 'Der Schiffbruch, oder die Erben', Wag-
ner, Thalheim, oder die Liebe auf der wüsten Insel', Benkowitz, 'Robert,
der einsame Bewohner einer Insel in Südmeer', - Tja! 'Zusamm'binden-las-
sen! eigenes Schlafkabinettlein? ... Und auch S. beobachtet, (versch-
lich 1871), dies 'O bitte, seign Sie's Uns doch mal! - Setue der Arzti-
und gar FRAU DIREX (hach!); 'Dieses Haus müßte man in Sagenverru bringen! (Oh glaub', manche
unsrer Bewohner sind eineln-schon soweit; daß sie beobacht, was die Sonn'strahl, so über's
dachler fall'n, für Schatt'n mach'n. - Und dann daraus ihre Schlüsse zieh'n.'): (Sie faltet Ihn
einfach die phall'sch-Puffzähne-Hände über die (re) Schulter - beschwörnd! Herr Senator!
2 arns-erschwächende Kultur-Jügerinnen! ... 191 -

und da K. - (Vabewand? Hilfesuchnd?) - nach li schaut! - / hegnot er
auch-wiedrum einen Bericht. - A am besten, wenn man...

A section of a typical page from *Die Schule der Atheisten*.

ARNO SCHMIDT:

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and Literature; yet it took until well
into the 1960s for his name to be-
come at all well known outside a
small circle of admirers. There is
some excuse for this: hardly a year
passed without a new work from
this pen. Between 1951 and 1953
Schmidt published three short novels,
Das Leben eines Fauns, *Die
Häute*, *Schwarze Spiegel*,
which together made up the
novella *Noboldy's Kinder*. This
was followed by many short
stories, critical essays and radio
lectures; two longer critical/philosophical studies (*Faust und die
Welt*, *seiner Zeitgenossen und Stürze
der Welt*); and a number of essays
in the volume which is now being
translated into English. It is
this that your habit of reading
less you meditate so as to be
biscuit to a pulp, is an even-
ing one. Mr. Troughton, re-
spects that you used to be a great
reader, and I should add that
the secretion of phlegm and
logists, therefore, recommend
consumption of starchy food
drinking.

P.S. You are very fond of
passionately fond, I remember
biscuits, require a very great
meditation, since, in the absence
there is not the due minute of
in the saliva which is neutralizing
ing the starch into sugar. It is
that your habit of reading
less you meditate so as to be
biscuit to a pulp, is an even-
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reader, and I should add that
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drinking.

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Scenes from Storytown

Wissenschaft, um 1850, (Ich hab ihn, (frühermal, seiner - (für jene Vito-
rianisohn Tage äußerst merkwürdig!) - Kekkon Erotica wegn gesammelt -
(Hies eigentlich 'Vollmer')? 191 - denn Frau Direktor tut 1 Schrei !!

H. Hintermeister

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LAVAGE CHIMIQUE

TEINTURERIE

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einfach die phall'sch-Puffzähne-Hände über die (re) Schulter - beschwörnd! Herr Senator!
2 arns-erschwächende Kultur-Jügerinnen! ... 191 -

NB: Set en un peu temps de compte.

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between what we see, hear, smell
and know of the world around us
and the very idea of a just and
benevolent God. This is only the
first of many links with Schmidt's
earlier novels, short stories and
essays. In fact, it would be hard to
find any work, other than the much
longer and much more difficult
Zettels Traum, which affords so
good an introduction to the world of
this obsessed and fascinating writer.

The subtitle 'Novellen-Comödie'
prepares the reader for a ming-
ling of the epic and the dramatic;
a comfortable form which allows
the author to construct an interest-
ingly differentiated typographical
picture and, at the same time, to
play an intricate game with his
narrative perspectives. Characters
and topographies are introduced in
elaborate stage-directions, inset
towards the middle of the page; when
the characters speak (and they are,
for the most part, exceedingly com-
municative), their name appears, in
capitals and underlined, on the left
hand side of the page, and the
speech that follows each such
appearance is punctuated by further,
bracketed stage-directions and
authorial comments (see above).

Other comments, quotations, docu-
ments, even pictorial illustrations,
appear at frequent intervals in the
margins. This fusion of the epic and
the dramatic recalls, at times, the ex-
periments of Arno Holz and
Johannes Schlaf in the early days of
German Naturalism; as does also
Schmidt's effort to reproduce the
nuances of spoken language (with its
regional inflections, hummings and
havings, omissions and repetitions)
and his fascinated dwelling on de-
tails not usually mentioned in polite
conversation.

Like most of the central reflectors
in Schmidt's novels, Kolderup is a
Sonderling, a man apart, divided
from those around him by his age,
his intellectual interests, his col-
lector's instincts (not as maniacal here
as in *Das steinerne Herz*), and his
partly Danish ancestry. He is also a
man of very decided views and
prejudices (against 'popular' art,
against any kind of idealization of
countryfolk, against the principle of
collective authorship, against Chris-
tianity, against Marxism...) which
he shares with most of the positive
characters in Schmidt's earlier fic-
tion, with the *raisonneurs* of his
radio-essays, and with whatever per-
sona Schmidt has constructed to
articulate his literary views and cri-
ticisms. Unlike the earlier characters,
however, Kolderup is a man of
some consequence in his region: a
man of substance, a Justice of the
Peace of almost Solomonic wisdom
(or rather, 'a Daniel' - a further
development of Daniel Pagenstecher,
the hero of *Leviathan* and *Noboldy's
Kinder*: the contradiction
between a thinking man and
scribbling to any religious doc-
trine: the contradiction, above all,

lully with the planetary and meteor-
ological facts. Goethe's *Werther*,
for one, fails to pass this and other
tests - but then Arno Schmidt's
earliest novels, short stories and
essays. In fact, it would be hard to
find any work, other than the much
longer and much more difficult
Zettels Traum, which affords so
good an introduction to the world of
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From then onwards a number of
plot-strands are skillfully and in-
tricately intertwined: an intrigue to
allow Cosmo and Nipperchen, who
have fallen in love, to live together
despite laws forbidding intermar-
riage between United States citizens
and inmates of the reservations; a
plot to relieve Tim Hackensack of
his burdensome duties by substitut-
ing a rustic whose sexual equipment
and prowess are matched only by his
stupidity; a judicial comedy centring
on a drunken 'sea-captain' and
identical female twins (both of
whom he is, in the end, allowed to
marry); a sea-journey to the island
of Fanö, where Kolderup relieves
from his old home a number of
curios of great interest to the visit-
ing dignitaries from the super-
powers - and, incidentally, some
copies of *Zettels Traum*, which seems
to be as hard to get hold of in 2014 as
it is in 1972. During this sea-voyage
Kolderup begins to tell of an earlier
one, supposed to have taken place in
1969, and continues his story in
snatches and at intervals until the
end of the book, so that two time-
schemes and two sets of adventures
become subtly entwined.

The earlier sea-voyage brought
together three professed atheists:
Kolderup himself (then a young
man), a Marxist professor from East
Germany, and Cosmo's father Gott-
fried Schweighöfer, who can deal
effectively with the foreign ministers
of the super-powers.

Behind this fantasy, this *Lüngerer*

Gedankenspiel, the reader is clearly
invited to surmise the impotence of
such intellectuals as Kolderup in the
real society of contemporary Ger-
many. Kolderup lives with his
granddaughter Suse, who is in love
with a young journalist and drug-
gist (APOtheke - a very grimace at
a younger generation) and who has
taken under her wing a much put-
upon young woman always known
as 'Nipperchen'. Into their idyll
intrudes a party from the United
States, headed by the formidable
ISIS, a female Foreign Secretary; it
includes also her hardly less formid-
able female bodyguards, her
'court-pet' Cosmo Schweighöfer,
and one Tim Hackensack, who has
the unenviable task of assuaging, on
demand, the Foreign Secretary's
apparently limitless sexual needs. No
sooner has this party arrived in
Tellingstedt than it is joined by a
similar delegation from China - all
males this time except for one
subordinate of indeterminate sex
(the only pronoun which can effec-
tively cope is *es*). There have been,
it appears, some alarming landings
from other planets, and it is advis-
able for the two earthly super-
powers to sign a Treaty of Mutual
Tolerance.

From then onwards a number of
plot-strands are skillfully and in-
tricately intertwined: an intrigue to
allow Cosmo and Nipperchen, who
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themselves thrown on to an inhospitable desert island in the company of a missionary, who rejoices in the name of Chaudband, and who has brought along his delectable wife—a fact, it turns out, of great interest to the visiting Foreign Secretary from the United States, for Mrs Chaudband was later to become her mother. On the desert island hunger, huddles and deliberate misanthropy test the altruist's steadfastness. The Marxist fails his test miserably (if you can believe that doctrine, you can believe anything), but Kolderup emerges a winner as well as a sadder man, ready to grow into the sage sceptic who tells the story in 2014. In good Comradish fashion—the archaic spelling is, of course, deliberate and pointed—*Die Schule der Atheisten* ends with the conclusion of a treaty, with rewards, decorations and titles handed out all round, and with a triple wedding.

This is a strange amalgam indeed: deliberate reminiscences of older comedies, from Shakespeare and Fletcher to Ferdinand Reinhold, mixed with pungent criticism of social and cultural phenomena of our own time and an immensely detailed presentation of the thoughts, sensations and apprehensions of a modern intellectual. The mixture works, however, and makes—for the most part—delightful reading. Arno Schmidt has here given us a refreshingly funny book, whose high and low comedy derives from many sources. The reader finds himself constantly challenged to hold Schmidt's fantastic elaborations against the literary originals they derive from, and to ponder—Shakespeare's *Tempest*, Schnabel's *Isel Felsenburg*, Jules Verne, Poe and many others provide grist for Schmidt's fast-grinding mill.

We are asked to recognize, in the fantastic world of the future, heightenings of our own present and immediate past. Schmidt turns a jaundiced eye on Women's Lib and American Matriarchy—and, hey presto! the United States of 2014 is entirely dominated by women (the President, we learn with little surprise, is one Joan Cummydy). A male who is reduced to a subjection which is ludicrous and scabrous details are unsparingly unfolded. Male-dominated literature has, of course, to be re-written—there is a hilarious account of Goethe's *Faust* in which all the characters have changed their

sex while retaining their function in the plot. Modern journalism, advertising and tourist industries also have been projected into the future and now look twice as large as life and just as horrible—the whole population in Kolderup's "reservation", under the direction of a professional Guide, racks such brains as it has to invent ever-new "archaic" customs, superstitions and saws for the delectation of tourists from the super-powers.

These anti-utopian fantasies are deliberately played against what we are to take as more positively utopian *Denkspiele*. Within the "reservation", the churches are disestablished; the right to vote depends on an educational test; and effective power is wielded by precisely the kind of intellectual whom earlier stories (notably the powerful and justly famous "Canibus über Setebos") had presented as impotent and covertly snarling outsiders. Much amusement may be derived from Schmidt's juxtaposition of incompatible: brilliantly caricatured television programmes from East and West Germany unrolling themselves in one typed column while a parallel column gives us Kolderup's allusions to pastoral idyll while we are invited to watch some particularly unappealing and grotesque aspect of rural life.

Many of Schmidt's finest comic effects lie here, as will have been realized in the way his structures have been realized: in the counterpointing and interlacing of different narrative time-sequences; in different apprehensions of the same phenomenon presented side by side in parallel columns or divided horizontally like a mathematical fraction; in familiar works of literature, prefacing the action of the book or peeping out beneath parody and contrafacture; in fantasies designed to conjure up in the reader's mind an image of the reality that may have given rise to them.

No less important, however, is the texture of Schmidt's language. Following the lead of Joyce and Lewis Carroll (with, of course, a heady literary pantheon and to whom he has devoted excellent critical essays), Schmidt abandons the rules of spelling and punctuation to produce typographical "extraneousness" (*Verfremdungen*) capable of rendering regional peculiarities of speech

and the inflections of the speaking voice with marvellous accuracy. They introduce, at the same time, a multitude of ulterior meanings through complex puns which involve, as the book progresses, all the major European languages. It takes a page or two to get into this style—but the puns come less thick and fast here than they do in *Zettel's Traum*, and it is not long before the adventurous reader is able to unpack with surprising ease such portmanteaus as: *Sind-Tax; phillachissima Nette; end! Frau; Geleesamkeit; Polynthidrie; mannell de Phall'a and grosse PolyTich*.

Arno Schmidt has first tried out his liberated orthography, and a typographical layout which counterpoints reality and fantasy, in a work which we can see, in retrospect, as the watershed of his art: *KAFF, auch Mars Crisium*. There the central protagonist has seen life as a progress from weeping to a rattle in the throat, with farce and dissonance in between, and had summed up that Beckettian insight in operatic terms: "Die Ulwörter ist Wein!"; Röcheln das Fienale; dazwischen Pössn & hüllische Dissonanz!" That tells us something of the dark background against which Schmidt's comedy must be seen. In the fantasy-world of *Die Schule der Atheisten*, Kolderup is given more of a chance to fulfil himself than other, similarly endowed and handicapped characters in Schmidt's writings; yet he too is made to reflect that his autobiography could have no title but ACCURSED TIMES: VERLUCHETE ZEITEN!—d's wit Meln-Till (Für Meine Selbst-Not).

Not surprisingly, traces of the "accursed times" through which Arno Schmidt has himself passed are never far away. Ovens, in this imaginary world of the future, are known as "Bichmanns". Only Kolderup remembers why, and the macabre jest whose origin has been forgotten twists the knife once more. What is the four and prurient *Furchendmanach* for 2015 but another crest of that waste of pornography that swept over the permissive 1970s? Kolderup's own dwelling on the details of the sexual act is anti-pornographic; like many of Schmidt's heroes he is obsessed with the pathos of the aging body and the bleak comedy of the struggles between the mind's high aspirations

and the body's earthy desires. And that world made uninhabitable by atomic radiation which we must imagine not too far from the reservation of which Tellingstedt forms part—what is it but the consequence of the policies and events of our own world, the 1969 of Kolderup's flashback narrative, the 1972 in which we are ourselves reading the "stock-town" in which Kolderup makes his corner of sane living—even there everything he encounters in his progress from immobility to silence only confirms the necessity of alibi. Would it not lead to blackest despair if we thought that the world had actually been planned to turn out as it did by an all-wise, all-foreseeing God? The title of Schmidt's early trilogy, *Nobodaddy's Kinder*, is as appropriate for Kolderup and his crew, especially the happiest and most "fulfilled" of Schmidt's creations, as it ever was for the outcast voyagers who appeared in some of his most memorable earlier fictions.

With their monomaniacal insistence on a series of constantly recurring views and prejudices, their horrified fascination by the sexual and excretory functions of the human body, their failure to observe the verbal taboos polite society imposes on most of us, Arno Schmidt's central intelligences resemble all too often those pathetic old men one sometimes sees in our city streets, arguing loudly with absent enemies, shaking their fists and shouting abuse into emptiness. But then—Schmidt's work is an indictment of the very conditions that make such men what they are and then prove incapable of providing help for them. His criticism of "Blut-und-müllarism" and nationalism, of tellingly militarism and pornography, is usually just and almost invariably effective—not least because made with so much humour and self-parody. He has an unfailing ear for the nuances of living speech. He has a rare feeling for literary form, coupled with a Stakhanovite capacity for taking pains which makes his narrative strands, follow his ingenious involutions and listen for the subtle and constant play of echo and counterpoint.

In two indispensable essays, "Be-rechnungen 1", and "Be-rechnun-

gen II", Schmidt has himself provided a guide to many of the procedures and explained the rationale. He has created a number of interrelated, complex characters—Georg Disterheuer, "Canibus über Setebos", Pagenstecher in *Zettel's Traum*, the William T. Kolderup in *Die Schule der Atheisten*—and has surrounded these with mostly grotesque characters in a distinctive evoked with a wealth of cunningly selected detail. He has demonstrated, sometimes minimal and sometimes complex, sometimes enabling his central protagonists to exhibit fully their quirks, the obsessions and their potentialities, has conjured up a fictional sub-world in which all the sympathetic presented characters are dogmatically about literature, in which literary knowledge and literary function as an index of civilization.

A school for atheism? Perhaps, though at times it seems more a school of Manicheans, or for those who believe that some evil demonic force is amusing itself at man's expense. But in reading *Die Schule der Atheisten* we undoubtedly enter a school in which we may easily conceive some respect for the odd, usually underpaid and socially powerless intellectuals of literary turn of mind—a respect which may yet prove a rare commodity antidote to the self-hatred and self-doubt that afflicts so many of us who answer, at least in part, to that description. We may learn rather more sociology than most of us would like (that does get rather tiresome at times); but as a school of often grotesque verbal wit and fastidious *Die Schule der Atheisten* is so enjoyable that many of its allusions will inevitably be drawn to the higher academy represented by *Zettel's Traum*. But even if we go no further they will never forget the distinctive if sometimes irritating voice of the story-teller and editor, whose voice of Arno Schmidt, whose combination of the provincial with the experimental (a "produktive Mischance", rightly praised by Peter Demetz) is proving for many of the pleasures they will least like to miss in the literature of postwar Germany.

uphold the environmental approach. (*Economic Theory and Under-developed Regions*, page 113.)

Contrary to your reviewer's remark, explicitly noted at length differences in economic performance within India, and the varied and complex factors Pagenstecher in *Zettel's Traum*, the William T. Kolderup in *Die Schule der Atheisten*—and has surrounded these with mostly grotesque characters in a distinctive evoked with a wealth of cunningly selected detail. He has demonstrated, sometimes minimal and sometimes complex, sometimes enabling his central protagonists to exhibit fully their quirks, the obsessions and their potentialities, has conjured up a fictional sub-world in which all the sympathetic presented characters are dogmatically about literature, in which literary knowledge and literary function as an index of civilization.

are agreed that background and motives are irrelevant to the validity of an argument, then it is quite unnecessary through your reviewer says that it is) think oneself into the head of one of his views and arguments. I may add that from the review no one could form the remotest idea of what the book is: it is certainly not about "the case for development through private enterprise", I could go on taking up the reviewer's remaining points, which include several of the quite specific instances of misunderstanding of misrepresentation of my argument, but I shall also take up his allegations about my "rhetorical devices". But the interested reader can easily satisfy himself how appropriate the reviewer's observations are.

P. T. BAUER, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London WC2A 2AL.

Sir,—In your review of P. T. Bauer's *Disent on Development* (July 7) your reviewer mentions T. Szasz, a psychiatrist who opposes the treatment of the mentally ill as quasi-criminal. I hold statement is untrue. Thomas Szasz MD, Professor of Psychiatry at the Upstate Medical Center of the State University of New York in Syracuse, United States, is a practising psychiatrist. What he opposes is involuntary hospitalization of which is a different matter. Such carelessness is both revealing and objectionable.

GEORGE J. SZASZ, Eichweg 2, 8802 Kitchburg, Switzerland.

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Our reviewer writes:—(1) Quantification. Professor Bauer claims that the gap "between income-per-person in rich and poor countries is much narrower than it seems and has not clearly been widening". He rightly denies that unadjusted national income data suffice to test his claims, but such data have been systematically adjusted for most poor countries by Clark, Maddison and Kuznets. Their work reveals a still wider widening gap; yet (like Chenery's work on aid-growth relationships) it is ignored by Professor Bauer. If there is a more charitable explanation than laziness I shall be delighted to accept it.

To argue from extreme examples will not help. That figures are notoriously bad counts of some substance (output) and Professor Bauer's use of them is not a correction; it is a distortion. His corrections allow for the usual problems; but these exist in rich countries data, too. Their income-per-head excludes most of the benefits from roads and many from health and educational facilities in poor countries. The data are not only bad but also misleading. Chenery's work on aid-growth relationships is ignored by Professor Bauer. If there is a more charitable explanation than laziness I shall be delighted to accept it.

(2) Differences in Performance. I love it to your readers to compare Professor Myrdal's statement with Professor Bauer's interpretation. What is discussed on pages 83-84 is regional variation in Pakistan, and among Pakistanis caste rigidity in Madras (one of India's fastest-growing areas). I find no discussion of differences within India. On pages 219, 298-300 and elsewhere it is surely claimed that national genes, cultures and religions partly determine the pace of development; and Professor Bauer's remark about India's "progression from poverty to affluence" is typical of his exaggerated and attitudes on this subject, which are equally called "ethnicity" in my review. But this meant the view that inherited characteristics, shared by almost all members of groups definable as nations or races, are the chief determinants of economic performance. In the case of Professor Bauer's "ethnicity", I believe the view to be mistaken, though perfectly respectable; in any case it needs clear definitions and some numerical evidence. India's excess of weak caste cannot be taken to prove that their own suffer from inherited or cultural unwillingness to adopt profit-oriented farming systems. (It is needed to permit careful farming on pastures, and selective breeding and culling of herds) cannot be taken by farmers singly yet would highly benefit them as a group.

(3) "Vicious circles". The "weak view" that poor farmers and countries, normally, have smaller proportions of income that goes to capital, that is, physical capital, add that this usually hampers growth. The "strong view" removes all the adverbs and denies that the poor can ever save, that low savers can ever command the confidence to borrow for investment, that that growth with low investment is a vicious circle. But the weak view seems to be the common sense; it is the consensus, now and probably

always was. The "strong view" is an analogy. Sally and Professor Bauer's three earlier (1950s and in part, as he says, "vague and slipshod") they are a second (1951) edition of a textbook since revised six times; a 1953 citation in which Professor Bauer's "circle" as a circular constellation of forces leading to [so internal] as to keep a poor country in a state of "poverty", in which the word I have italicized plainly convey the effect, to a Senate committee in 1957, from a source I have not so far traced.

NEXT WEEK
"The Sense of Place"
Five special articles on the way in which literature affects both literature and language. The contributors are Geoffrey Gribson, Gwyn Jones, Edwin Morgan, Alan Evers, and Stanley Ekin.

(4) Dialogue. Both our Myrdal citations show that he recommends "compulsion" to enforce laws that already exist (notably tax laws) and new ones needed to implement official policy. This Professor Bauer describes as "a thorough and compulsory transformation of individuals and societies (covering nearly the whole of human conduct)". In citation neither length nor completeness need matter; it does, and if Professor Bauer shows that I have anywhere been as unfair as I claim I shall apologize. I don't deny that the spots areas of agreement with Myrdal, but only that he notices the most important ones. They both doubt the efficiency of direct planning, restrictions on output and trade in poor countries. Comprehensive planning via price incentives and information is widely practised, notably in Yugoslavia and Pakistan. To say that "extension of state control over people's lives is the essence of comprehensive planning", which "has... not served to raise general living standards anywhere", is not dialogue or "precise interpretation" but persuasive definition and unfounded generalization.

(5) Foreign aid. Obviously "need as measured by per capita incomes" must be one criterion of aid allocation. There is no evidence that aid has benefited the East African deserts to expel those Asian residents who had not taken up citizenship; Burma's analogous decision was taken in the virtual absence of aid. Aid recipients might indeed service loans without foreign-exchange problems, if lenders would accept limitless exports at world prices; but foreign-exchange shortages are without specific importance only in a world of free trade, capital flows and exchange rates, in which borrowers rug their economies so as to ensure external balance at repayment time whatever the cost.

(6) Motives for holding a belief, while indeed irrelevant to its validity, are often interesting. I objected only to Professor Bauer's attribution of covert (communist) political motives to unnamed persons. To ask what one's adversary really means, even if he writes for understanding or carelessly, is essential for understanding of motive or attribution of crypto-communism. Professor Bauer's remark about India's "progression from poverty to affluence" is typical of his exaggerated and attitudes on this subject, which are equally called "ethnicity" in my review. But this meant the view that inherited characteristics, shared by almost all members of groups definable as nations or races, are the chief determinants of economic performance. In the case of Professor Bauer's "ethnicity", I believe the view to be mistaken, though perfectly respectable; in any case it needs clear definitions and some numerical evidence. India's excess of weak caste cannot be taken to prove that their own suffer from inherited or cultural unwillingness to adopt profit-oriented farming systems. (It is needed to permit careful farming on pastures, and selective breeding and culling of herds) cannot be taken by farmers singly yet would highly benefit them as a group.

(7) *Tane*. Professor Bauer's letter is courteous and well-reasoned. Why was my review so angry? First, his book was not like his letter; second, a book with the intellectual power to produce a definitive statement of the possibilities of free-market development should not be satisfied to be polemical; above all, a recent visit to Latin America's urban slums and neighbourhoods (Caddis) have made me impatient with those who tell the slum-dwellers that capital planning, international aid and income equalization are all useless to them, yet offer no reasoned alternative.

(8) Thomas Szasz argues "that the belief in mental illness, and the social actions to which it leads, have the same moral implications and political consequences as had the belief in witchcraft and the social actions to which it led" (*The Manufacture of Madness*, page 23). (*Law, Liberty and Psychiatry*, page 23). Indeed, Professor Szasz argues that "contractual" psychiatry, where the private patient pays his dues, is ever justified, and that what this treats is not truly mental illness (*The Myth of Mental Illness*, introduction). This goes

miles beyond opposition to "involuntary hospitalisation". Any reader of the *Shorter Oxford Dictionary* (e.g. the *Shorter Oxford*) will convince George Szasz that his brother is a psychologist as well as a psychiatrist. I am wholly unqualified to judge his merits, but the above citations surely show that he is hardly representative of his profession: yet he is the only member of it that Professor Bauer cites.

Libertine Literature

Sir,—In his letter to TLS (February 18 and June 2) about "Libertine Literature", Anthony Edwards points out allusions in the "erotic postures" and "licitious pictures" of Pietro Aretino's *Sonetti Inaspirati* in London's *Volpone*, Donne's *Invitation*, *The Cantuere* and *Salve IV*. There are other references to the *Sonetti* in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, which I have expounded in a note sent recently to *The Anatomy of Metaphor* by Aretino's other notorious book, the *Ragionamento* (printed in England in 1584 and 1589), where two ancient harlots discuss the techniques and practices of sex through dialogues about the lives of nuns, married women and courtesans.

It is pertinent here to quote the following lines from Thomas Carew's "A Rapture", as they shed light on Burton's citations:

The Roman Lucrece there, reader
Lectures of Loves great master,
And knows as well as *Lais*, how to
Her pliant body in the act of love.

The *Anatomy* (Part III, sect. II, mem. 1, sub. II) contains this statement: "Aretine's *Lucrèce* sold her maidenhood a thousand times before she was all of her own, and *plus milles vendit celabo*, non deest qui *ut traustrum* *ambirent*". Burton derives the Latin text from Gaspar Barrio's translation of the *Ragionamento*, published in Frankfurt under the title of *Paroedias* (1623), but he refers to it in some of his footnotes as *Paroedias* *Barrio* which is another Latin translation by Barrio of the Spanish play

SAAD EL-GABAL AWY
Department of English, The University of Calgary, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Male Piggery

Sir,—T. S. Smoot's book, *A History of the Scavenger People, 1560-1840* contains an illustration from the National Library of Scotland, "Fishermen and their Wives", under which is written: "Fishermen and their wives near Inverness, c. 1725. 'The women took up their garments to an indecent height and waded to the vessels... in take the fishermen upon their backs and bring them on shore in the same manner'." No mention of this business of women carrying fishermen "piggy-back" is made in the text. Did such a custom prevail? If so, why? Does anyone know?

EDNA PERRY DECKLER,
2528 University Drive, South Fort Worth, Texas 76109, USA.

'First Look At'

Sir,—In your review of the "First Look At" series published by this company your reviewer states that "it originated in the United States but the books have been Anglicized". The "First Look At" series are by British authors, and where artists are used, they are illustrated by British artists, and where photographs are used, British photographs. All these books were originated in the United Kingdom and all have been manufactured in the United Kingdom.

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There are further references in the *Anatomy* to "Aretine's *Lucrèce*" in Part III, sect. II, mem. II, sub. IV (pages 118, 114, 116, 124). And incidentally, in similar strain Aretine mentions *Lucrèce* again in a letter to Malatesta: "What do you think of *Lucrèce*? Wasn't she crazy to take counsel of Honor? It would have been gallant sport to peek at the corn offered her by Tarquin, and to have gone on living as we do."

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To the Editor

Book Prices

Sir,—Your reviewer (June 23) of the reprint of *The Life of Frederick Douglass* raised the question of the pricing of such ventures, and, was answered from the economic side, by Charles Ellis of Oregis International (July 7).

One point, however, which Mr. Ellis did not make was that many of these books are still obtainable at a fraction of the cost through second-hand book-sellers whose catalogues are freely available to librarians of universities—surely the only people who can afford to reprint. It is not as if most reprints include an introduction, modern reprinting, or even a more meticulous index. Another reason for reprinting, which was originally published in 1891 and followed immediately by 40 many reprints and market must have been saturated, and one can still find a copy for less than 50p.

I never thought that the day would come when the weary tomes of nineteenth-century ecclesiastical biography would become a book for reprint publishers. When can we hope to see R. P. Kidd's four-volume *Life of St. Basil* being available at £4.50?

JOHN B. BROWN,
St Michaels House, Homestead Road, Birtwood, Hatfield, Bedfordshire.

Accidents or Cathedrals?

Sir,—As a writer with an interest in the lives of the adult novel as a genre of fiction for young people—and as someone in daily contact with adolescents, I am interested in Anne Barrett's article (July 14).

The title "Accidents or Cathedrals?" (which possibly may not have been chosen) reflects the ambiguity of her opinions and attitudes. Before the blessed advent of late adolescence the life of girls, the transition from childhood to adulthood, is a time of free and often joyful discovery. But, as Barrett says, it is also a time of discovery of the "other" world, the world of the adult, the world of the "other" sex, the world of the "other" life.

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The Times Atlas of the World
Comprehensive Edition
Slipp, 123 plates, 272pp. The Times
with John Bartholomew and Son,
Edinburgh, £20.

The Times Atlas has become not only a national institution but also a major international work of reference. The first edition was published in 1895, and since then there have been a number of editions, revisions, and reprints. The present atlas is the fourth revision of the fourth edition that appeared in 1967. The march of events, the emergence of new states, the alteration of many place-names, the changes in such geographical features as reservoirs and mineral resources, are all reflected in the revision.

Taken as a whole, the volume comprises three parts. First comes a forty-page section which includes a compass of world minerals, sources of energy and food, together with charts of the stars and maps of the moon and a variety of other diagrams. It is a useful preliminary section.

The second part consists of the atlas proper and comprises 123 double-page maps, the work of the House of Bartholomew. This is the crucial part, for the value of a reference atlas depends primarily upon the coverage and quality of its straight-forward physical-political maps. Here, the good colours and, above all, the clear typefaces enable an enormous number of names to be given with only rarely a hint of overcrowding. The relief is shown by layer-colouring, and set against this background are the place-names and railways in black, the rivers in blue, the roads in red, the political frontiers in mauve, and a variety of other information in varying symbols and colours. How great this variety is may be seen from the list of symbols that prefaces the section: not only railways and roads but, among other things, lighthouses and tunnels, lava-fields and salt-lakes, icefields, and

The third section of the volume comprises a 272-page Index-Gazetteer of 200,000 names. The country of each name is given to it, with a map reference in convenient form. This in itself is a work of the greatest value. All in all, here is a volume that is as useful as it is handsome.

Around Anatolia

GWYN WILLIAMS
Eastern Turkey: A Guide and
History
255pp plus 44 photographs. Faber
and Faber, £4.90.

This is a volume complementary to Gwyn Williams's *Turkey: A Traveller's Guide and History*. That book must have won for Turkey many friends: for Mr Williams, who was until recently a professor at the University of Istanbul, showed a devotion to the country and an intimate knowledge of it which was calculated to dispel many misapprehensions, especially as Turkey has recently made alarming headlines. The new work is of similar scope and, if possible, more exciting. Eastern Turkey is still a land to be discovered.

It is as well that Mr Williams starts on a note of caution. You cannot simply decide to visit eastern Turkey. You may need permits, especially near the Russian frontier; you certainly ought to make sure that your whereabouts are known to the local officials, though much of the region is now demilitarized. You must be prepared on occasion to rough it. If all this is understood, your stay may be immensely rewarding.

The book begins with a long look at history. Mr Williams may be right when he says that we are geographically indebted to Anatolia, where "much that we take for granted in our way of life" started. He says even that he, a Welshman, feels nearer to the Urartians than to London. Although there are nearly 100 pages of information before you embark on the itineraries, the journey through time is worthwhile. It is

man-made. The general impression conveyed by the series as a whole is that of a pleasing clarity. The spelling of place-names presents many thorny problems arising from differences in language and differing methods of transliteration. These problems have been tackled sensibly by taking as guides the rules of the Permanent Committee for Geographical Names in London, the United States Board of Geographical Names and, for China and Mongolia, the modified Wade-Giles system. In bilingual areas alternatives are given—such as *Mechelen* and *Mallines* or *Kortrijk* and *Cortrijk* in Belgium. Generally, current English spellings are also given, so that *Florence* appears alongside *Firenze*, *Laghorn* alongside *Lhorny* and *Athens* alongside *Athina*.

One feature of the atlas is the large amount of space devoted to non-European lands. Particularly impressive is the coverage of the Soviet Union, Africa, China, and South-East Asia. The main maps of these and other areas are supplemented by detailed maps of the more densely settled regions with their enormous numbers of names, by many maps of urban centres with their spreading built-up areas, and by a number of other maps of areas of particular interest. Among these last may be mentioned maps of the environs of Everest, of the Pamir Knot, of the coastal settlements of Greenland, and of the islands of Iceland and Singapore. Another feature is the attention paid to the oceans and their islands. Not only are there special relief maps of the ocean beds but also relatively detailed maps of individual islands of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans and of the East Indies and West Indies.

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a far cry from the pre-Hittites to the Ottomans, but modern Turkey is better understood in the light of an account of the restless movement of peoples across its steppe. And every year we know a little more, and see the past in better perspective. Moreover, there are historical links which will be new to most people:

The Armenians had inherited the expertise achieved in central and eastern Anatolia by the Hittites and Urartians, and their own refinements and modifications produced such castles as those of Sile and Korymbos, which taught the Crusaders a style of building that was to be further elaborated by the Byzantines. Had acquired these skills much earlier and from the same source and the walls of Istanbul are not very different from those of Byzantium (sic) but, in two thousand years before them, Carchemish, Windsor and the French châteaux therefore derive from eastern Turkey, through the will of Constantine and the castle of Arminio.

As for the literatures, Mr Williams is especially good on Lake Van and its environs, the Pontic coast, and Trabzon (Trebizond). He pauses before Mount Ararat, perhaps wisely, and a special appendix by Sidney B. P. Nowell is included. As the *Alphabet Traveller*, which is full of good sense. There are some excellent photographs of this most photogenic of countries. There is also a full bibliography. The rendering of *Bagdad* for *Baghdad* is unfortunate, and the important name is not given in the index. One final complaint: Mr Williams, like some other literary specialists, has a habit of using "I've", "I'm", "I's", and "there's" for stretches, and when returning the more formal manner, it is presumably because he is clearly but some will find it an affection.

Local colour

DOROTHY HAMMOND INNES
Occasions
185pp. Michael Joseph, £2.40.

As anybody who reads thrillers will know, Hammond Innes is an author who travels widely in search of atmosphere and sets each novel in a different landscape. With him goes his wife Dorothy: when they owned the yacht *Mary Dear* sometimes precariously cooking lovely sounding meals in all weathers in its efficiently planned galley. Her beautiful, anxious-looking face is on the dust-cover and she writes a beautiful, carefully weighed, descriptive prose that conveys the atmosphere of places as vividly as the more sensational evocations in her husband's plots. She describes her Occasions as "verbal photographs of things I want to remember".

France, the Mediterranean, Mexico and Peru are remembered and make the reader anxious to follow in her footsteps—or in the wake of her ship. Not so Australia, however, which her compassion and hatred of cruelty effectively put one off. She found an "opal-coloured land" where nobody can see an

Off the beach

ARTHUR FOSS
Majorca
236pp plus 16 plates. Faber and Faber, £3.50.

Such English travellers to Italy or Greece as wish to savour something of the past in a well-informed way, instead of merely enjoying wine, sun and sea, have numerous books available to help them do so. Those who go to Spain have, on the whole, been less well served—and particularly those who have headed for the Costa del Sol or Majorca. Arthur Foss's *Majorca* is therefore very welcome as an aid to the appreciation of churches, castles, palaces and country houses, all of which it situates neatly and carefully in both the geographical and historical context.

The first part of the book is a sixty-eight page outline-history of the island as a whole, including good chapters on the Reconquest period and on the Jews of Majorca and the Corsairs. The survey is too short to be wholly satisfying, but the more enquiring reader is given adequate guidance to the most appropriate kinds of secondary literature. Part two deals with Palma

animal without wanting to, where the kangaroos are dead in the middle of the headlights for a moment; the beautiful dingoes are painted on from the air, and with a small, many small dingoes; where the only thing mentally preserved is the Kuala bear with its lethal sluggish habits. Australia, they sweep the Aborigines out of the air, and always eat off plates—that infallible warning had food—sounds really beautiful its colouring.

But there is much pleasure in the delicate drawings by C. Morton, who is, like the Hammonds, a dedicated East Anglian. Yet what comes out most even from the happier places, in author's despairing, almost wise ill-treatment, or for a parachutist returning from D-Day France to the village that had been their headquarters, astonished by banners of Welcome Home up by their involuntary hosts.

Itself, working outwards from cathedral, and includes a chapter on the Majorcan painting. Part three takes one briskly round the rest of the island and ends with the towns of central Palma (which are frequently ignored by visitors) though one is given too little detail, here, and also some of the very large such houses which are of scenic and architectural interest and a twelve-page survey of major religious sanctuaries. Four, a conclusion on "Majorca Today", concentrates obviously on what is conveyed much of the real life of the island, but it takes the "inside" as he is likely to

Genological and chronologies are followed by a "List of Festivals", the two are more than adequate, but twenty-four photographs go on being exciting. But if you go to Mr Foss's readers, they are excited by the things they see to the point of doling out their own on their own account. Part two provides an excellent departure.

Situating Marx

edited by PAUL WALTON and STUART HALL

This collection of previously unpublished papers sets out with an evaluation by David McLellan of the significance of the *Grundrisse* in the context of the "Total Marx". Other contributions include "From Alienation to surplus Value" by Paul Walton, followed by a comment by Martin Nicolaus, "Medieval and Modern Labour in Marx" by Alfred Sohn-Rethel and "Theory and Criticism in Marx" by John O'Neill.

Publication date August 31

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ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, Poet Laureate from 1850, died at Aldworth on October 6, 1892. He was mourned deeply and sincerely by the nation. His Sovereign's grief, confided to her journal, was typical:

Heard that dear old Lord Tennyson had breathed his last, a great national loss. He was a great poet, and his ideas were ever grand, noble and elevating. He was very loyal, and always very kind and sympathetic to me, quite remarkably so. . . . He died with his hand on his Shakespeare and the moon shining full into the window and over him. A worthy end to such a remarkable man.

There was at least one dissenting voice amidst the general lament. Lord Randolph Churchill's opinion is odd enough to be recorded: "The vulgar of the kind I have ever known," he wrote to Lord Rosebery. "After all he was only a third rate poet and all the art and literature of this generation is third rate. I know only one exception. Have you read a most remarkable book of travels, *Men, Mines and Animals* in South Africa? You should certainly purchase copies for your various residences."

Gladstone had been on Tennyson's mind shortly before the end. Hallam Tennyson wrote to the Prime Minister on October 9: "Some of my father's last words to me were 'Have I not been walking with Gladstone in the garden this morning and showing him my trees?'" The Laureate was to be very much in Gladstone's thoughts during the next few weeks. "Tennyson had become like a great solitary tree in the forest where all the rest had died, such as I have seen more than once in Scotland"—thus Gladstone wrote to James Knowles (also on the ninth) when declining an invitation to write an appreciation for the *Nineteenth Century*.

Even before the Poet Laureate had been laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, on October 12, Gladstone had begun to survey the barren woodland to find a successor. His efforts are documented in his own papers at the British Museum and in those of some of his political colleagues. The correspondence is interesting in showing how illu-minated by sometimes brought to literary history by mainly political documents. It shows, too, how the Prime Minister was able to take the skilled advice of a small circle of cultivated and informed public men in his search for the next wearer of the laurel crown. The search was not successful; the three main candidates were all unsuitable—one morally, the politically, and one medically—and the rest were scarcely serious contenders. As Gladstone remarked disparagingly to Sir Henry Acland: "There is plenty of power still alive; but the incidents of it!"

Swinburne was the most difficult problem. He was the first possibility to be mentioned in the Prime Minister's correspondence, and the objections both to his poetry and to his personality were seen from the start. Gladstone wrote to Acland on October 7:

Tennyson's death moves many and that justly. He has done a great work. The question of the successor comes before me with very ugly features. I have, as it happens, the old poems and ballads. They are old and bad and terrible. Have they been dropped? If they have it is a relief. Wordsworth and Tennyson have made the place great. They have also made it extremely clean. Southey who succeeded was not small, but was pointed against what was bigger. I have him in my mind always and I do not like the look of the affair.

ston answered immediately that the *Poems and Ballads* had not been dropped; referring to his own 1871 edition and to continuing advertisements. Gladstone was led to consider Swinburne "impossible" by October 10, but a week later was still asking Acland to find out whether Swinburne by withdrawal of his range of "possibility". Acland was able to confirm from Swinburne's own writings that the offending volume had never been withdrawn or purified.

Meanwhile a general impression is gaining ground that the Laureate's death was not a total loss, only

Gladstone looks for a poet laureate

BY ALAN BELL

ateship had notably increased Tennyson's income: this was indeed true, as his will was proved in December at £57,200. A private secretary endorsed one of the letters to Gladstone with the comment "Mr L. Morris told Mr Knowles that such an honour makes the sale of poetry remunerative." "It is fair to conclude," Acland reasoned, "that the appointment of Swinburne would stimulate the circulation of the offending volume (and condone it)."

More recent grounds for offence were found in Swinburne's "Russia, an Ode", published in the *Fortnightly Review* in August, 1890. Acland referred to the poem on October 18 as "these verses, whose atrocity is imperfectly redeemed by their badness," and detected "an unbroken career of evil in the mind and conscience of the man", concluding that "I am forced to testify against him, whilst I am dazzled by the splendour of his dazed passages, and believe that no rival approaches him as a writer of verse."

Swinburne's recent and well-publicized tyrannical opinions decided Acland against Swinburne and he wrote judiciously and finally: "Even if you are less struck than I am by the objection that it would reward and encourage vice to appoint Swinburne, I can scarcely believe that it would not be an offence to the Queen to select for the special honour of being her Poet the one English poet who is ostentatiously vicious, and who proclaims himself a Republican; as well as an offence to Her Majesty's Imperial Brother and ally to place in office involving appearance at Court, a man who clowns to have him murdered, and whose plea for tyrannicide is not remote, or obscure, or unnoticed, as may have been the case with Southey, or Landor, or Disraeli, but is only two years old, almost the last thing he published, and has had the attention of Parliament drawn to it within recent memory."

Gladstone had scrupulously examined the possibility of Swinburne, but wrote conclusively to Sir Henry Ponsonby on October 20: "(On account of Swinburne's pre-eminence as a poet, I have been making a very careful examination of his case. I fear he is absolutely impossible. . . . It is a sad pity. I have always been deeply impressed by his genius."

Acland put forward another interesting suggestion. "Has it occurred to you," he wrote on October 9, "that the greatest Poet in England is a writer of exceedingly vulgar poetry? The objection would be that he has also written a volume of Poetry. . . . Russia was known to be in very poor health, but Gladstone was not to take a high medical opinion from Sir Henry Acland, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. Gladstone wrote to him about the Laureateship the day after Russia was suggested."

It is most desirable to keep it on the high moral plane where Wordsworth and Tennyson placed it. In Russia impossible? 1. He would secure the subject. 2. He has published Poems; he is a poet too in prose. 3. What is the state of health? I have been told perfectly entire in brain, only

not capable of exertion. . . . I should much value your judgment.

Acland replied on the twelfth: "The case of Ruskin is very sad, and very difficult to describe with correctness. I have not seen him for some years. . . . He varies between excitement (less now than formerly), depression, and moderate intelligent intercourse so that every now and then he has visitors." Acland discreetly procured a local opinion from Dr Parsons of Hawkestead, which provided conclusive evidence and extinguished all hope. "Acland raised a hope by suggesting Ruskin." Gladstone wrote to Morley on the seventeenth, "but on enquiry that hope flickered, and is dead. No light yet."

William Morris was the third main candidate to be considered, though Gladstone had reservations from the start. "I understand Mr W. Morris is an out and out socialist," he wrote to Acland on October 17. Acland confirmed this, admitting that he had "a stronger opinion" than Lewis Morris, "but he is quite a flaming Communist with unpleasant associations." Bryce was the principal authority consulted about William Morris. He distinguished the political references of *Chants for Socialists* from Swinburne's tyrannical politics:

Though [Morris] is a socialist, I do not remember in them any intemperate violence. Of his poetry I need not speak to you, for you doubtless know its brilliant merits. He is however also a very simple minded and upright man, whom we cannot know without liking; and was a most earnest and hearty fellow worker with some of us in the anti-Turkish agitation of 1876-78.

Gladstone asked Bryce to find out the extremity of Morris's views, and a week later (October 26) was sent a detailed report. *Of Chants for Socialists*, Bryce wrote: "They are the least poetical bits of his work I have seen; but there is nothing violent in them: nothing to cause scandal. Perhaps the strongest phrase is a sort of prose motto prefixed—'The world happy is Revolution'." Bryce had heard it on good authority that Morris would not accept the post, and concluded: "I am sorry, thinking him on the whole the best of the poets left to us, not more melodious than Swinburne, but with more body and substance in him, as well as fewer and more pardonable aberrations." Bryce had written privately to Morris, "saying that I should like to know for myself whether there was any use in my representing his claims to the Laureateship."

Morris, of course, declined Bryce's friendly offices, remarking as Bryce reported to Gladstone on October 28: "I am a sincere republican, and therefore could not accept a post which would give me even the appearance of serving a court for complaisance sake." Rumours of this correspondence—magnified from a private offer of help to a formal offer and rejection of the Laureateship—found their way into the *Daily Chronicle* and had to be contradicted by Morris himself.

Of the lesser candidates, only Lewis Morris, the Welsh education-

ist and poet, was considered at all closely. He let his wishes be known, but his subsequent disappointment overestimated the attention they received. Gladstone told Acland that "L. Morris circumspectly put himself forward—but I can find no one to speak for him". Acland confirmed (October 18) that Morris, a Liberal, was very popular, but that "his aspirations are so demonstrative that they make him enemies"; he reported a wide circulation, "add to which, purity and elevation of tone, and a certain vague nobleness and distinction. N.B. He is a Welshman." On October 23, Acland again wrote in Morris's favour:

There is plenty of real dignity and elevation; and his popularity is not at all due to any special music in his verse, or to the praises of professed critics, who have been hard upon him, probably unjust. This I venture to say, because I conceive a day may come when, amidst omniscient, damnable demands, you find yourself face to face with something like a dead-end between two, or three men, of whom Lewis Morris would be one, and I dare say Theodore Martin another.

Quite early in the correspondence, Acland had written that "I am expecting to hear that the biographer-royal will have his claims pressed on you". Gladstone replied: "You speak I suppose of Sir T. Martin. I have only known him in his Translations, which I think good." But Martin, the author of the five-volume *Life of the Prince Consort*, was not pressed from the expected quarter. He had been an accomplished balladist, not unworthy of consideration for the post, but Acland was the only one to mention him.

"Austin, Buchanan, and other shadows flit in the distance", Gladstone wrote to Acland (October 17), giving these two a single passing mention. William Watson was held to have written the best commemorative poem on Tennyson's death, which was sent to the Prime Minister with a recommendation that its impoverished young writer should be granted a Civil List pension. Coventry Patmore was mentioned by Gladstone by Bryce when it was known that Morris had refused: "Perhaps you will think the claims

of Coventry Patmore deserving of examination. If not a great poet, still he is a poet, which some of the other aspirants are not."

Patmore is mentioned once again, in a memorandum which Bryce (with permission) prepared for the Queen on November 4. He recalled the dignity and recent high traditions of the office, and reported that Morris and Swinburne were out of the question. "Of those who remain", he continued,

some, like Mr Coventry Patmore and Mr F. W. H. Myers, have ceased to write; others, like Mr Bridges and Mr W. Watson, have written too little to secure the ear of the cultivated public. Several others, though admired as men of brilliant talents, have not yet obtained such ample recognition of their distinctively poetical merits as to make their appointment generally acceptable. Any selection from among these might probably excite hostile criticism more profuse than any satisfaction it could evoke.

There were some who wished for the abolition of the office. Rosebery felt that it was a "degradation of poetry, and that he would like to see it lapse. Morley wrote on November 14: "I suppose the Queen would object to leaving a vacant? Balfour told me one night this year, but he was a radical and a destructive to the extent of being willing to abolish the whole office." Gladstone replied that "The Queen would not like the abolition of the Laureateship with the Buckhounds", alluding to a minor Household appointment then under discussion. Knowles of the *Nineteenth Century* sent the Prime Minister a book on the Laureateship, remarking that it would be appropriate to add *this*: "To begin with Ben Jonson and end with Tennyson would be to make a complete epoch and save Poetry from the degradation of having a trade-advertisement for its national recognition—for to that in these days the argument for the Laureateship has descended."

In his letter of October 9, Acland had remarked that "Birkell's idea of leaving it vacant, as if nobody could wear the armour of Achilles, seems weak, and leaves the matter in the hands of another Prime Minister after an interval of intrigue." This is roughly what took place. Gladstone told the Queen on November 4 that he did "not at present see his way to making an unexceptionable recommendation", and two days later Bryce's memorandum pointed out that there were precedents for leaving the office in abeyance: "there is precedent for declining to abolish it, but letting it remain vacant until there arises a poet conspicuously worthy to fill it." When the Queen saw Gladstone on November 23, they agreed that the office should be left in abeyance.

Lord Rosebery's correspondence as Prime Minister is untroubled by literary place-hunting. It was left to the Salisbury administration to appoint the Conservative Alfred Austin to the Poet Laureateship on January 1, 1896.

Quotations are made by kind permission of the Keepers concerned from the following manuscripts: Bodleian Library, Ms Bryce 12; British Museum, Add MS 4091 (Acland); 44094 (Acland), 44232 (Knowles), 44257 (Morley), 44516 (General Correspondence), and 44549 (Letter Book); and National Library of Scotland, Ms 10099 (Churchill).

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Erin doings

GEORGE O'NEILL: *Ireland before the Normans* 137pp.

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KENNETH NICHOLLS: *Gaelic and Gaelicised Ireland in the Middle Ages* 197pp.

Dublin: Gill and Macmillan. Paperback, 80p each.

MAIRE and CONOR CRUISE: *A Concise History of Ireland* 192pp including 174 illustrations. Thames and Hudson, £2.50.

In Ireland there is a saying that it's always either a feast or a famine and this applies to histories of the place as much as to anything else. The familiar dearth of good general texts has now quite suddenly begun to give way to an abundance which is as welcome as it is unexpected. It is welcome because it marks the beginning of a long-overdue process—the percolation through to a wide public, and especially, one hopes, to the schools—of a view of history which is blessedly free from the old propagandist myths and sentimentalities. But it is also unexpected because, if the truth be told, the material for general history is still lamentably deficient in many areas where specialist study has still to make significant inroads upon the neglect of past generations.

The new *Gill History of Ireland* is a case in point. Of five volumes just published only two, *Ireland before the Normans* and *Tudor and Stuart Ireland*, are "general" history in the

sense that they are intelligent, objective and well-informed syntheses of a body of knowledge already familiar to scholars. The other three books, *Ireland before the Vikings*, *Ireland before the Normans*, and the rather clumsily titled *Gaelic and Gaelicised Ireland in the Middle Ages*, attempt with considerable success a much harder task. They are based on extensive original research and they seek to make this available to the non-specialist reader with the minimum of technical apparatus.

They cannot hope to achieve this completely, of course; some parts of the subject, notably the political sections of all three books, are obscuroly dull because they deal almost literally with the minutiae of a provincial existence. On the other hand the authors write with refreshing enthusiasm and insight about life in society (though, sadly, not about art) and this lifts their books out of the rut, encouraging us to welcome this new series as a real contribution to popular history in the best sense of the term. It is pertinent to add that a further virtue of the series is that it provides an opportunity for a new and largely unknown generation of writers to make their mark: they have responded admirably by giving the series a freshness of outlook it might otherwise have lacked.

The accolade of novelty can scarcely be bestowed on the authors of a very different kind of history. Dr and Mrs Conor Cruise O'Brien are such famous names in contemporary Irish writing that a joint production from their pens is bound to excite curiosity. Their *Concise History of Ireland* is, as might be expected, a highly professional piece of work—articulate, humane and knowledgeable. Its conciseness, however, is so concise that one must suppose it to be directed mainly towards the outsider who will have instant history or none at all. As instant history it is, naturally, far above the common run and for anyone who still may want to visit—or even to try to understand—Ireland, this book will be a useful tool. It also has the advantage (denied to the more substantial, and more prosaic, *Gill History*) of being lavishly supplied with excellent illustrations.

War books

ROBIN HUGHAM (Editor): *A Guide to the Sources of British Military History* 630pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £9.50.

This book aims to be "a guide to what exists" of military history and to act as "a springboard from which more balanced histories can be written." By and large it succeeds very well: for in addition to bibliographies of published books and articles, the two dozen chapters give helpful sign-

posts to private manuscripts as well as official papers, and list useful British libraries, some of the military bookshelves and numerous professional journals.

Although this survey begins with prehistoric times, two-thirds of it concerns the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The history of the Royal Navy and the Army runs parallel to the development of science and technology and in later chapters the Royal Air Force also. The home front in Britain during the First and Second World Wars is described, with appropriate bibliographies, and one welcomes the chapters dealing with Military and Naval Medicine, the history of Military and Martial Law, and the wide-ranging survey of British Defence Policy since 1945.

Also welcome—indeed, a thought-provoking feature of the work as a whole—are the topics suggested by each of the twenty-five contributors as worthy of further investigation, though here, as in the arrangement of each section, standards vary considerably. The sub-divisions are sometimes confusing, several authors have to cover too wide a field, and there are inconsistencies in treatment.

Each user of this book is likely to note omissions (and errors), and may well disagree with some of the views expressed, and such a volume is naturally open to this kind of criticism. But the more important are the many qualities of the work. Its wealth of information and learning, the sound guidance it provides for students and researchers, teachers and librarians, whether British, Commonwealth or American.

Plotting against peace

J. J. N. PALMER: *England, France and Christendom, 1377-99*

282pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul £4.

Surviving documents rarely make the real intentions of late medieval governments explicit. What was formal, official or public we can discover; but what was argued round the council tables we are too often left to guess. In consequence, books on foreign policy in the period are commonly weighed down by detail, in- conclusive, and boring.

J. J. N. Palmer's study of the relations between England and France in the reign of Richard II is an exception. It is clever, clear, and gripping. In a series of concise and vigorously contentious chapters he seeks to explain how the two powers, after twenty years of war, came to make peace; and how they used the peace once they had made it.

He begins by emphasizing the unprecedented scale and scope of the Anglo-French war of 1380-89 and the success of England in defeating the superior resources of France.

The internal strains imposed by war ensured that both powers needed peace. But for many years peace was not to be had. From 1389, the country had a minor war king and in both the interests of very powerful men were against a settlement.

Dr Palmer contends that from 1383 to 1386 English policy was controlled by Michael de la Pole; and that that policy was one of peace at almost any price. By 1386 it had plainly failed. Opportunities had been lost and positions sacrificed in the attempt to appease the French who were nevertheless preparing to invade England in great strength. The attack on de la Pole in 1386 and the subsequent Appellant

coup derived their strength from a paradoxical alliance: that between magnates whose policy was one of peace and the Commons who wanted relief from war taxation. In 1387 the Commission government tried to keep the war going while Richard tried to negotiate peace. Hostility to the King's pacific policy was largely responsible for his downfall at the end of the year.

The Appellant war policy failed and Richard exploited the desire for peace when he regained power in May, 1389. The curious thing is that, although by 1389 most of the former obstacles to the peace which both England and France wanted had disappeared and although the powers made a truce, nothing resembling a lasting settlement was concluded until 1396. Why the delay?

The key issue, according to Dr Palmer, was that of Aquitaine. He maintains that from 1375 proposals for peace centred round the possibility of John of Gaunt's becoming Duke of Aquitaine, which would descend to his heirs and be held of the King of France. By 1394 the Gascons had demonstrated absolute unwillingness to accept any such scheme. Dr Palmer maintains that it was their resistance which did more than anything else to delay a settlement and to ensure that even in 1396 no permanent peace was made but only an agreement for a very long truce.

Dr Palmer believes that growing concern at the advance of the Turks was one of the forces which helped to bring England and France together. He shows how seriously the crusading projects of the mid-1400s were taken and how important aspirations towards the unity of the church and the salvation of Christendom were in determining the climate of Anglo-French relations.

(He might have been more generous in indicating how Maude Clarke anticipated him.)

In the final years of the reign relations between England and France were particularly tense. Dr Palmer thinks that Richard was not rash in relying on his friends to keep him from peace. He was not rash in relying on his friends to keep him from peace. He was not rash in relying on his friends to keep him from peace.

Dr Palmer's method is a masterpiece of the short story. He begins with every new volume. He begins with every new volume. He begins with every new volume.

On the other hand his sometimes becomes breathless. His clarity is sometimes obscured by his own qualities to those of the writers. He sometimes loses sight of the single-mindedness of the truth of his arguments. When he says, for example, that an opposing case is "completely inadequate" (as of Maude Clarke's view of the significance of the circumstantial evidence) "could scarcely be stronger" than his own argument for John of Gaunt's presence at Nicopolis, words cannot always be taken face value.

But it is well worth ending Palmer's penchant for hyperbole. His book is not only well formed and well-written, it reflects the workings of an open and stimulating mind.

The third Mary Stuart

ELIZABETH HAMILTON: *William's Mary*

309pp. Hamish Hamilton, £4.

The third Mary Stuart, though she died at thirty-two, attracts a new biography about every twenty years. Except for Krüger's in 1890, they have all come from women. Elizabeth Hamilton gives one secret away in concluding what is certainly the fullest and most scholarly: "Her rare achievement was that she remained simple and unassuming though she lived in high places and wielded great power." Her charities, her collecting and gardening, the refashioning of Hampton Court and Kensington Palace, above all the loving letters to William in Ireland or Flanders, if not beneath the sensitive perception of "Miscellany," have breathed perpetual charm for the English Lady. That so firm a disbeliever in pettifog influence came so deftly to handle the Revolution politicians, who thought a woman (as she said) "seldom good for anything," in a war conducted against her own father (as she did not need so often to be reminded)—this is matter for high drama, never yet exploited by novelist or playwright.

On those who knew her, "Marie R." made a remarkably consistent impression of sweetness and light. The chorus of grief at her premature death was such as could have raised her to canonization in earlier times. Rusts, medals and paintings: many reproduced here, though Wissing's regal portrait with the familiar double chin is oddly attributed to the jockey designer—have in fact bequeathed a stereotype of pious decorum. Yet no public face more singularly concerned the real person, so unsure of herself, on guard against admiration, "so full of pain for those one loves," so often on the edge of tears. It has been said she was a natural diarist, and what she did not destroy of her journals suggests that she was more of an outcast of the world into which she was cast. Marjorie Bowen, who printed large chunks of Mary's memoirs in

1929, wrote of her piety as a substitute for happiness. Hester Chapman, in 1953, discerned a morbid self-questioning in direct proportion to her outward composure. Even the official portraits scarcely veil a hint of melancholy in the eyes.

One should begin with Jacob de Heintz's delightful portrait of the girl bride, for that passionate face wonderfully combines the puzzled distrustfulness of a child of state with the promise of a firm will and desire to judge truly. This is the portrait that Lady Hamilton successfully works out, with a studied avoidance of sentiment that prefers to let the facts speak for themselves. She has no more dramatized her subject than Mary would ever have dramatized herself.

There is no extended psychologizing, no theory of religious mysticism, no hint of any morbidity more unusual than Mary's girlish obsession with her first "husband," Frances Apsley. The warmest passages come from Mary herself, quoted with telling effect. Occasionally, indeed, one wishes Lady Hamilton would commit herself more. On page 97, for instance, she ought to have been able to decide whether Mary was more a "thing" or a "person."

This is a strikingly sensible biography, scrupulously respecting what evidence there is—including a little that is new, especially on the household side—but seldom surpassing it. Thus the princess's gloom is attributed to poor health, William's stammer to poor health, William's stammer to poor health, William's stammer to poor health.

There is some slightly surrealistic stuff: it would be difficult to land "at Zealand," let alone "land" "though one sees what was by Cymare as a neck of land" "lingering out into the river."

Sympathizing

NEEL BOULANGER: *Le maître de la courte histoire*

271pp. Paris: Gallimard, 271fr.

There is a master of the short story, Neel Boulanger, who has been busy with every new volume. He has been busy with every new volume. He has been busy with every new volume.

There is much wisdom here, and humour of various kinds: sad, gentle, sardonic, comic. M. Boulanger can be extremely realistic, though his characters are mostly a little strange, and fantasy and the supernatural are never very far away. He is particularly skilful in showing the impact of two different worlds on each other: one story describes the meeting of a strictly vegetarian, refined spinster teacher and a vulgar, red-blooded butcher; another tells of the effect of the presence of a film unit on location on the complicated affairs of a small-town mason, his wife, and her lover, the postman.

With M. Boulanger, every word counts—and it is interesting to see that the word "royalties" has now joined the vocabulary of *Frangula*.

Anxious moments

RIELE WOHLMANN: *Die Angst*

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Flat out

L. J. DAVIS: *A Meaningful Life*

214pp. Constable, £2.

After graduating and marrying Betty from Flatbush, Lowell Lake thought the preliminaries were over and life about to begin. What happened instead was that "things went downhill for a while, then they went up a little and got flat, and they stayed that way." Flatness is reality at thirty that the managing editorship of a plumbing trade weekly may one day lead on to editing a plumbing trade monthly; that he and Betty support their marriage as though it were an orphan, without reference to one another; perhaps worst of all that Lowell is, even to himself, a nice guy, the sort you have nothing against and nothing in common with.

Lowell's gesture against the press of his own money is for him rather dashing, but since it is his, it doesn't come off. He buys a rotting Brooklyn house, once the home of a nineteenth-century sounder called Darius Collingswood, whose name

and career Lowell rather fancies, and having rid it of its many rotting tenants, sets about restoring it. Sunk under the hugeness of the task, drunk as a hoot owl half the time, he lets an alarming contractor called Mr. Rusty take over him and his house. Lowell in a terrified stupor actually murders a tramp one night, but Rusty impassively clears away the evidence of that, the only significant action of Lowell's whole life, so that he begins to wonder if indeed he performed it.

A Meaningful Life is certainly extremely funny, but is not quite what its closing sentences suggest. The un-boring exposition of deep and careless boredom is a feat, but it is not what is going on here. Lowell is a man who fixed himself a scholarship to Stanford when a judge mistook his begging letter for a blackmailing one; he has got away with murder, and even Flatbush Betty has lines like this: "Whatever you say, if you are determined to lie in the bed you made, far be it from me to sprinkle it with confetti."

Out for laughs

MICHAEL STANDEN: *The Dreamland Tree*

180pp. Heinemann, £2.

Michael Standen's fourth novel is hard going. Characters will disappear without warning—and often surface again twenty-five years later when we can hardly remember who they were. Even the protagonists Janet and William—who seem to be cousins and who seem to get married (Mr Standen's style is rather oblique)—remain strangers. They are presented with a certain amount of perception and a certain amount of fun; but the determined neutrality of Mr Standen's earlier novels has come to look a bit like indifference. Callousness, really.

After climbing in the Lake District, for example, William is described as "half-dressed, black, scratched and white-haired with dust: he altogether resembled an elderly negro travelling the Underground Railroad." A statement like this—the culmination of a lengthy chapter—tells us as little about William as it does about elderly negroes. Mr Standen's anarchic, opportunistic wit keeps pulling the novel in all directions at once.

But his refusal to take up any moral stance pays off in the opening section—a grisly holiday by the sea organized by the dreaded Uncle George. The children here—in search of a mythology but stuck with imitation, hating adults but in love with their power—are convincing because their responses are completely unpatterned. But this leaves the novel totally at the mercy of its characters. When William grows up and becomes flippant and trivial at Cambridge, the novel has no choice but to become flippant and trivial with him.

Dream guerrillas

AMOS OZ: *My Michael*

Translated by Nicholas de Lange. 216pp. Chatto and Windus, £2.

The first-person narrator of Amos Oz's novel is Hannah, the thirty-year-old wife of Michael Gonen. He is a geology student at work on his doctoral thesis at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Unsure of himself and unable to understand his wife, he buries himself in his work and becomes increasingly insensitive to her emotional demands. Hannah describes the isolation into which she has been driven after ten years of marriage. The dreams of her early love for Michael, her childhood dreams, remain unfulfilled, resulting in a melancholy sexual frustration. *My Michael* is an examination of her estrangement from her husband and from reality, her drift into a world of fantasy.

Though the novel is not directly political Hannah's personal narrative is counterpointed by the Israeli background. Her isolation and mental breakdown are set against the 1956 Arab-Israeli war. Her frustration finds a correlative in the claustrophobia of Jerusalem. Unobscured by the novel's range of Israeli types, and out of Hannah's simile and some adequately descriptive writing—the book's direction and its flaws are summed up before the first page is turned: the girl's mother, crypto-sadistic preoccupation with sex is established, an attempt made to endow her with a veil of innocence by the use of the pet name, and the lie given to the entire enterprise by the fact that she is provided with an adult's perceptions and capabilities.

Mr Oz is able to control the first-person narrative to encompass the cultural background, the ambiguities of a failed marriage and the intricacies of a mental breakdown. But the interior monologue, by its very

nature, provides little opportunity for the development of characters outside the specific focus of the central consciousness. As a result a number of initially interesting figures remain sketchy outlines. And though the background may create possibilities for new variations it is impossible to disguise the fact that the theme is not a new one.

JO IMOG: *The Demon Flower* 220pp. Calder and Boyars, £2.75.

Ten plus

The Demon Flower is a first-person, present-tense narrative by a girl of ten. The opening paragraph provides a good example of the way in which she combines a winsome unsophistication with a necessary command of language:

My best is split and so is the town I live in, which is why I call it Crack or sometimes Blue Mouth, or Humpty since there's a hill or a mound or whatever it is sticking up there. . . . The old Salt Road that runs right through it and on up to behind the mountains as far as the eye can see. . . .

A pet name for the pudenda, a sexual simile and some adequately descriptive writing—the book's direction and its flaws are summed up before the first page is turned: the girl's mother, crypto-sadistic preoccupation with sex is established, an attempt made to endow her with a veil of innocence by the use of the pet name, and the lie given to the entire enterprise by the fact that she is provided with an adult's perceptions and capabilities.

Roomy

WOLFGANG GEORG FISCHER: *Möblierte Zimmer*

272pp. Munich: Hanser, DM 24.80.

This is the central panel of a triptych of autobiographical novels set in Austria before and during the Second World War. *Of Whirlwinds*, opus one, we said: "Its quality augurs well for the success of the series." On present showing this prediction has been somewhat over-optimistic. *Möblierte Zimmer* contains most of the same ingredients, but the mix is not as calculatedly effective.

It starts off strongly with descriptions of Vienna in the throes of the Anschluss: Nazi thugs and Aryanizers indulging in sadism and profiteering; Catholic prelate and Social Democrat elder statesmen soliciting Ja votes for the Greater Reich: Jews being forced to clean out latrines with toothbrushes. The tension slackens as the narrator's parents move to the estate of wealthy friends in Yugoslavia where, unable to procure admission to any other country as a family unit, they insist on going through the motions of civilized living—sport, party games, political speculation—while Europe slides towards war.

There is little quickening of interest after the outbreak of hostilities, when the narrator and his mother—the father having meanwhile emigrated to England—move into the succession of furnished rooms that give the book its title. Here evocations of refugee life among bug-infested furniture are interspersed with set-pieces on Yugoslavia (its scenery, folklore, ethnic diversity) which provide local colour but move the storyline sideways instead of forward. A sluggish narrative flow is, however, offset by flashes of wit and insight. Wolfgang Georg Fischer is particularly adept at portraying the bifocal refugee view of his country of adoption—bifocal because gratitude at survival cannot quite override inherited Germanocentric attitudes.

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 Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

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It is required to run the Central Research Library of Peter Limited. The Library, based at the Technical Information Centre, provides a service to more than 400 staff at Stanbury engaged in pharmaceutical research and development. The Librarian is responsible for the organization, administration, and development of the library service. The Librarian should be qualified in library science, have a minimum of 5 years' experience in a technical library, and be able to communicate effectively with staff. The salary will be competitive and dependent on experience. Applications should be sent to: Mr. K. H. Hurn, Personnel Officer, Peter Limited, Peter Division, Peter Limited, Stanbury, Kent.

BOROUGH OF BRIDGWATER

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

COUNTY LIBRARY
 Applications are invited for the following post in the County Library Service:
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

DENBIGHSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

YALE SIXTH FORM COLLEGE
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

DERBYSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

BOROUGH OF GOSPORT

PUBLIC LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **PUBLIC LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

BOROUGH OF GRANTHAM

DEPUTY BOROUGH LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **DEPUTY BOROUGH LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL

LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

CATALOGUING ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Venous, the leading international information searching agency, requires a female Assistant Librarian for its extensive Newslines Library. Cataloguing and indexing experience, together with an interest in films and current affairs desirable. The conditions of employment are attractive and the starting salary of £1,300 p.a. increases to £1,537 p.a. after one year. If you are interested in this position please contact:-

Marion Needham
 Personnel Assistant
 Venous Limited
 10 School Road
 Acton, N.W.10
 Telephone: 01-667 7733 Ext. 128
 Closing date, Tuesday, 25th July 1972

THE FOUR INNS OF COURT

LAW LIBRARIAN AP. 21,932

This new post has been created to meet the increasing demand for a comprehensive law library of the Inns of Court. The Librarian will be responsible for the organization, administration, and development of the library service. The Librarian should be qualified in library science, have a minimum of 5 years' experience in a law library, and be able to communicate effectively with staff. The salary will be competitive and dependent on experience. Applications should be sent to: Mr. K. H. Hurn, Personnel Officer, Peter Limited, Peter Division, Peter Limited, Stanbury, Kent.

LIVERPOOL POLYTECHNIC

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

LANCASHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

LINCOLN AND HOLLAND COUNTY LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE

LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

MEDICAL LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **MEDICAL LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

UNIVERSITY OF SUSSEX LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

BBC NEWS INFORMATION OFFICER

The Job
 Managing the separate but interdependent libraries with total holding of 21 million editions and large collection of BBC generated material and with total staff of 100. Further development of microcopying techniques and other storage and retrieval systems is an important aspect of the job. The News Information Service provides information on current affairs in news and programme departments in Radio, Television and External Services.

The Requirements
 Professional qualifications as librarian or information scientist; wide knowledge of current affairs; ability to manage a widely dispersed service working under considerable pressure and to maintain good relations with staff and users; understanding of microfilming techniques. Experience at senior level of press-cutting libraries an asset.

The Place
 Broadcasting House, London W1A 1AA.

The Salary
 Salary £1,102 to £1,623 to £3,915 p.a. Consideration could be given to a higher salary for a candidate with outstanding qualifications. Write or telephone now for application form (enclosing addressed business envelope and quoting reference 72.G.278.T.1.S.) to: Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Tel. 01-550 4488, Ext. 4619.

LIBRARIAN GREENWICH DISTRICT HOSPITAL

£2,037-£2,304 (A.P.A.)

Should be qualified and suitably experienced.

Will work in a new 780-bed District Hospital, and be responsible for the general library service to patients and staff (open access library and trolley service to all wards); medical library and nurses' training library.

Further information and application forms from Borough Librarian and Curator, Greenwich Library, Woolwich Road, London, S.E.10. Closing date: 4th August.

LONDON BOROUGH OF GREENWICH

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of **SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN** in the **WELLINGTON BRANCH LIBRARY** TELFORD NEW TOWN. Salary: Librarians' Grade (min. £1,803). Housing may be available. Application forms and details from County Librarian, Shropshire County Library, Column House, 7 London Road, Shrewsbury.

MAIDENHEAD BOROUGH COUNCIL

A new Central Library for Maidenhead and district is due for completion in October, 1972, and applications are invited for the following new posts:
REFERENCE LIBRARIAN AP. 3 (£1,853-£1,932 p.a.)
 Applicants should be Chartered Librarians with experience of reference library work.
SENIOR ASSISTANTS (2 posts)
 Applicants should be Chartered Librarians but persons who have passed the Part II Examination of the Library Association and have suitable public library experience will be considered. Duties will include readers advisory work, cataloguing and taking charge of a gramophone record library. Salaries within the Librarians' Scale: £1,140-£1,832 per annum.
 Details of age, experience and qualifications, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Borough Librarian, Public Library, St. Ives Road, Maidenhead, Berks., not later than the 21st July, 1972.
 Stanley Platt, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Maidenhead.

UNIVERSITY OF SWANSEA

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS
M.Sc. IN IONIZATION PHYSICS
 Applications are invited from candidates having a good honours degree in Physics for an M.Sc. Course in Ionization Physics. This is an intensive degree course by examination and dissertation commencing in October, 1972, and lasting twelve months. Applications will also be considered from those expecting to graduate in June, 1972. For further information, on application, please apply to Dr. A. W. Williams, Department of Physics, University College of Swansea, Singleton Park, Swansea SA2 8PP.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF HARTLEPOOL

(Population 100,000)
PUBLIC LIBRARIAN
GRAMOPHONE RECORD AND MUSIC LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **GRAMOPHONE RECORD AND MUSIC LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

DERBY COLLEGE OF ART AND TECHNOLOGY

LIBRARY ASSISTANT
 Salary: £477-£1,932 per annum (under review), according to age, qualifications and experience.
 Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Vice-Principal, Derby College of Art and Technology, Kedleston Road, Derby DE3 1GB; to whom completed forms should be returned by Monday, 14th August, 1972.
 In view of Local Government re-organisation and all other things being equal, preference will be given to candidates employed in Local Government in Derbyshire (area 10).

NUMISMATIC SUBJECTS

Occasional expert assistance required in reading books, proofs and manuscripts. Usually numismatic subjects. Good knowledge of Greek and Latin essential. Excellent fees promptly paid for reliable, careful work.
 Box 0336, T.L.S.
 The Times, EC4P 4DE.

WARWICKSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

polytechnic of the southbank

Library Assistant

(Ref. L/8)

for the Library at Borough Road, London, S.E.1, which serves the Faculties of Science and Engineering and the Department of Humanities and Social Sciences.

Applicants must have as a minimum qualification two G.C.E. subjects at "A" level. Some library experience is desirable but not essential.

The salary scale is under review but is at present £1,101 (age 18) to £1,239 (age 21) to £1,865, inclusive of London Weighting.

Further particulars and application forms from the Clerk to the Council (Room 240), Polytechnic of the South Bank, Borough Road, London SE1 0AA. Tel. 01-928 8889.

ABERDEEN COUNTY COUNCIL

EDUCATION COMMITTEE

COUNTY LIBRARY
 Applications are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for the post of **SENIOR ASSISTANT** (Salary, Librarians' scale £1,545 to £1,932).

Applications may be considered from persons who have passed the Part II examination of the Library Association.

Further information and application forms are available from the County Librarian, 14 Crown Terrace, Aberdeen, AB9 2BH, to whom completed applications should be returned by 11th August, 1972.

JAMES A. D. MICHIE, Director of Education.

LONDON BOROUGH OF ENFIELD

DEPUTY BOROUGH LIBRARIAN
 P.O. Range 1F £3,387-£3,837 p.a. including London Weighting (A percentage increase on the salary has been agreed but details are not yet available), plus lump sum on allowance.
 Qualifications—Applicants must be Chartered Librarians with suitable experience. Accommodation—Consideration given to provision of housing for a temporary period of up to one year.
 Application Forms—Plus further particulars obtainable from the Director of Libraries, Arts and Entertainment, Central Library, Cecil Road, Enfield, Middlesex EN2 6TW (Tels. 01-368 2244), returnable to the Town Clerk, Civic Centre, Silver Street, Enfield, Middlesex, by 10th August, 1972. Please quote ref. SAL/18.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF HARTLEPOOL

(Population 100,000)
PUBLIC LIBRARIAN
GRAMOPHONE RECORD AND MUSIC LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **GRAMOPHONE RECORD AND MUSIC LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

DERBY COLLEGE OF ART AND TECHNOLOGY

LIBRARY ASSISTANT
 Salary: £477-£1,932 per annum (under review), according to age, qualifications and experience.
 Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Vice-Principal, Derby College of Art and Technology, Kedleston Road, Derby DE3 1GB; to whom completed forms should be returned by Monday, 14th August, 1972.
 In view of Local Government re-organisation and all other things being equal, preference will be given to candidates employed in Local Government in Derbyshire (area 10).

NUMISMATIC SUBJECTS

Occasional expert assistance required in reading books, proofs and manuscripts. Usually numismatic subjects. Good knowledge of Greek and Latin essential. Excellent fees promptly paid for reliable, careful work.
 Box 0336, T.L.S.
 The Times, EC4P 4DE.

WARWICKSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

UNIVERSITY OF SUSSEX LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
 Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

MEDICAL LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of **MEDICAL LIBRARIAN** (Salary Scale £1,053 to £1,932 under review). Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, The Mall, Armagh. To whom completed forms should be returned by 4th August, 1972.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

THE BRITISH COUNCIL

Books Officer India

Applications are invited for the above post based in New Delhi. Appointment will be on contract terms.

Duties include liaison with the Indian Ministry of Education and the Indian book trade; establishing and maintaining close relations with institutions of higher education, and generally promoting the English Language Book Society low-priced book scheme.

Candidates, preferably between the ages of 28-34 should be graduates of a British university (or have an equivalent qualification) and must have experience of publishing preferably with a British educational publisher. Overseas experience is desirable. The post is suitable for a young publisher wishing to enlarge his horizons and gain practical experience of the working of the book trade in this important market.

Salary will be on the scale £1144-£3813 plus free furnished accommodation and paid passage. Overseas allowances £1197 (married accompanied) £375 (single).

Selection by London Interview and board. Closing date 11th August. Write for further particulars and application form quoting title of post and ac-8 - to: Staff Recruitment Department, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W1Y 2AA.

LONDON PUBLIC LIBRARY AND ART MUSEUM

Curator—Art Gallery

This is a senior administrative position in an art gallery which forms an integral part of a combined historical museum, art gallery and library service in a city of 225,000.

Requirements for the position include a degree or certificate in fine arts or museology. Curatorial experience is preferred.

Salary range \$11,970.00 to \$15,960.00.

Applications should be directed, until October 1, 1972, to Mr. D. D. Rand, Assistant Director, London Public Library and Art Museum, 305 Queens Avenue, London 14, Ontario, Canada.

Classified Advertisements:

The Times Literary Supplement publishes Classified Advertisements under the following headings:

Appointments	Other Categories
Librarians	Books and Prints
Public & University	Literary
Educational	Typing Services
Other Appointments Vacant	Personal
Appointments Wanted	For Sale and Wanted
	Researchers
	Lectures & Meetings
	Educational Courses
	Coin and Medal Collecting
	Theatres & Exhibitions

Rates: 35p a line (minimum 70p), box number 15p Display £5.50 per column inch.

Technical Information Officer

Rank Xerox, world leaders in graphic communications products, are carrying out a wide range of advanced research and development work on new products for international markets in their Development Laboratory at Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

They are now seeking an experienced person to assist in the setting up of a Technical Information Service covering a wide range of activities including the preparation of information bulletins and an S.D.I. Service.

Applicants should possess either a scientific degree or equivalent, and a qualification in information or library service, or a technical background plus membership of the Institute of Information Scientists.

The position offers an excellent salary and opportunity for career advancement. Company fringe benefits include a generous superannuation and life assurance scheme, and four weeks' holiday a year.

Please write or telephone for an application form to: Personnel Manager, Rank Xerox Limited, Basildon Road, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. W. G. 28177 Ext. 124.

RANK XEROX

Somerse

School Librarians

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for posts of **SCHOOL LIBRARIAN** at:-

King Alfred School, Burnham-on-Sea	(930 on roll)
Holyrood School, Chard	(900 on roll)
Broadlands School, Keynham	(850 on roll)
Worle School, Weston-super-Mare	(900 on roll)
Wyvern School, Weston-super-Mare	(1,100 on roll)

Librarians wanted who are keen to develop the library service and to make a full contribution to the successful running of these comprehensive schools.

Salary scale AP.3 £1,853-£1,932. Lodging allowance and removal expenses payable in approved cases. Application forms and further details obtainable from Chief Education Officer (Staff N.T.); County Hall, Taunton. Completed forms should be sent to the Headmasters of the schools concerned within two weeks of this advertisement.

pcl

The Polytechnic of Central London

The PCL is developing its Library services. The following posts will be available in August or September:

Library Development Officer

£3143 - £3647 (under review)
 To engage in forward planning and systems design and to assist in the development of library instruction and information services, and in the co-ordination of a number of libraries in a split-site situation. The LDO will also act as deputy in the absence of the Chief Librarian. This post should prove attractive and challenging to a librarian sympathetic to the polytechnic concept.

Librarian I

£2843 - £3447 (under review)
 To take charge of the Languages Library at Holborn. Applicants should be graduates in a modern language and also chartered librarians, and should preferably have experience in a library of similar subject interest.

Librarian II

£2637 - £2943 (under review)
 Two posts are available, one in the Environment Library (Marylebone Road) and the other in the Communication and Social Studies Library (Wells Street). These are posts at a senior level and offer a good deal of scope for development of individual initiative.

Librarian III

£1784 - £2235 (under review)
 In the Environment Library. Experience in information work is desirable.

Library Assistants

Posts are available in the Languages, Photography and Communication Studies, Engineering and Science, Environment, Commerce and Social Studies, and Management Libraries.

Two salary levels are applicable: £1230 - £1665 and £1035 - £1476. The lower paid posts are for unqualified assistants, but may also interest those who wish to complete a year's experience in a library prior to entering a Library School.

Applicants should indicate if they are interested in more than one of the posts offered. At present the Libraries of the PCL are not open on Saturdays or Sundays, but staff are expected to share in evening duties. Salary scales according to qualifications and experience.

Details and application forms (to be returned as soon as possible) from The Establishment Officer (T.L.S.) The Polytechnic of Central London: 300 Regent Street London W1R 8AL.

THE MANCHESTER PUBLIC LIBRARIES

LIBRARIAN

AP 4 (£2,100-£2,380)
CHORLTON DISTRICT LIBRARY

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above post in one of our major District Libraries.

Application forms and further details available from the Chief Assistant: Staff, Central Library, St. Peter's Square, Manchester, M2 5PD. Closing date Saturday, 5th August, 1972.

Order Form

Please fill in the form below in block capitals, with the copy for your announcement and send it to the address below.

Rate: 35p per line (Min. 70p) Box Number 15p Extra.

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